

THE REISSUE OF

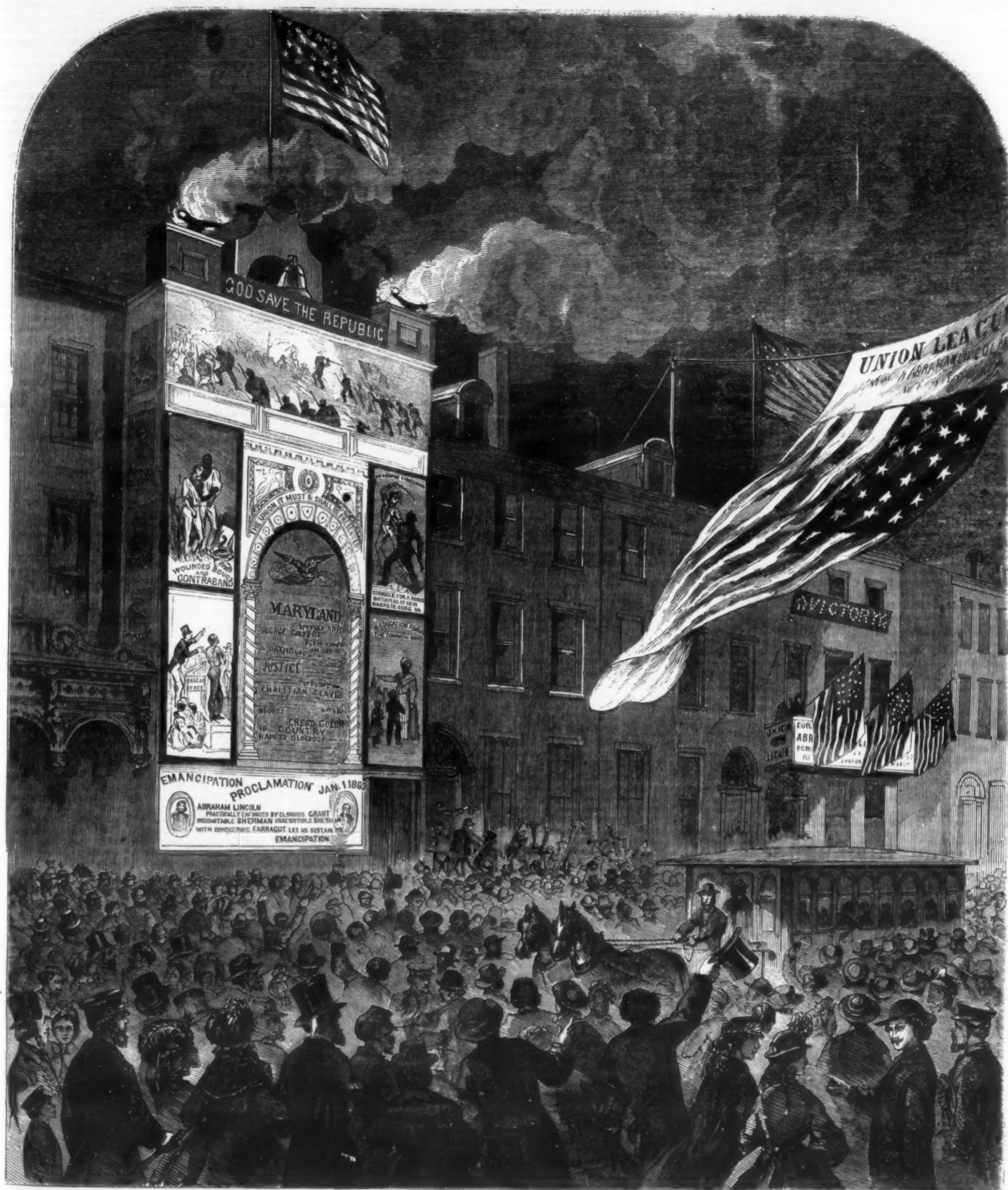
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 477—VOL. XIX.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS \$1 00.]



CELEBRATION OF THE ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY IN MARYLAND, AT PHILADELPHIA, PENN., NOV. 1.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR PHILADELPHIA ARTIST.



## SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN MARYLAND.

### Grand Celebration of the Event in Philadelphia.

THE Legislature of Maryland, at its last session, authorized and directed the calling of a Convention to form a new Constitution for that State. In due time that Convention assembled at Baltimore, being, of course, composed of delegates elected by the people; and in due time that Convention submitted to the people a new Constitution abolishing negro slavery within the limits of Maryland. This instrument was subsequently accepted by popular vote, and took effect on the 1st of November. The event was celebrated in Baltimore and in other cities. A sketch on our first page illustrates the celebration at Philadelphia, which was conducted by the Supervisory Committee for recruiting colored troops. The entire front of their building in Chestnut street—as shown in our sketch—was illuminated on the night of the 1st inst., and adorned with transparencies, illustrating the progress of the Emancipation movement during the civil war, as also the achievements of our colored troops. The effect was exceedingly brilliant. Addresses were made on the occasion. Many private houses in the city were also illuminated. During the day there was a parade of the 41st regiment of U. S. colored troops, commanded by Col. Louis Wagner. In the evening all the colored churches of the city were opened for religious services. Thus the colored free men of Philadelphia rejoiced over the great fact that Maryland is a Free State.

### MARYLAND.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

From ocean unto ocean's roll,  
From the Gulf waters to the Pole,  
Far as our wide possessions reach,  
From Mexico to Maine's wild beach,  
From every home the whole land through,  
From every church and schoolhouse, too,  
Proclaim that Maryland is true!

Dear Maryland!

She did but sleep while others woke;  
But saintly visions on her broke,  
An angel through her lips hath spoke,  
Dear Maryland!

Oh, Rocky Mountains, prouder rise,  
Tell the glad tidings to the skies,  
Let the wild winds catch the refrain  
And sing it to the distant plain.

Run, Mississippi, on thy course,  
With thunders march from thy far source,  
Beat with thy strong pulse's mighty force  
For Maryland!

Burst into bloom, prairie land,  
Join, sister lakes, join hand in hand,  
Toss thy white caps from strand to strand  
For Maryland!

Tell all the white-winged ships that sail  
Ocean, tell every tropic gale,  
What means the boom from fort to fort,  
Come, then, and pay thy loyal court.

Break into great throbs at her feet,  
Let her heart feel thy full heart's beat,  
And sit exalted in her seat,  
Blessed Maryland!

O wise men, from the breaking morn,  
A princess to our love is born,  
Bring spice and gifts her to adorn,  
Blessed Maryland!

We lave her feet, her hands we kiss—  
Dear hands, to do a deed like this!—  
While, soft and slender, yet they broke  
The driver's strong and bondman's yoke!  
Join minstrels, sing with loud acclaim,  
Link all sweet phrases with her name,  
Bring harp and boys, bright bonfires flame  
For Maryland!

Oh, smiling vineyards, flushed with wine,  
Broad fields of corn in serried line,  
Grains golden as the ore from mine,  
For Maryland!

Pour freely all thy treasures out,  
Be glad, O Earth, with gleeful shout.  
No hopeless tears shall wet thy breast,  
No hopeless heart ask thee for rest.

Bring out our mother's robes of state,  
Fair maids of the Republic, wait,  
Proud sisters, happy and elate,  
On Maryland!

Republican in court and heart,  
We name thee Princess, as thou art,  
Born to our tenderest love apart,  
Our Maryland!

## FRANK LESLIE'S Illustrated Almanac FOR 1865.

This valuable work is far superior to its prototype, the London Illustrated Almanac, and less than half its price. It contains the most valuable information, National, Historical, Political, Statistical, Astronomical and Useful, ever gathered together in one volume; besides upwards of 50 beautiful illustrations by the first European and American Artists, engraved in the highest style of the art. It is also embellished with four splendid Lithographic Portraits, printed on fine paper, of Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Admiral Farragut, from recent photographs.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

## FRANK LESLIE'S Lady's Illustrated Almanac For 1865.

This admirable annual contains a greater amount of useful and ornamental information than any publication of the kind. It is indeed the only Illustrated Lady's Almanac ever published, being embellished with upwards of 70 illustrations, executed in the highest style of art. The reading matter is a complete Lady's Manual, containing directions for the Parlor, the Ballroom, the Store-room, the Kitchen, the Garden, the Nursery, and the Sick-room—in a word, it is the Matron's ready resource.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

### Barnum's American Museum.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS.—Colossal Giants, Dismal Dwarf, Albino Children, Japanese Hog, Skating Pond, Wax Figures, etc., etc., Aquaria. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 3 and 7-1-2 o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

### Oscanyan's Oriental Album.

Consisting of 23 Photographic Portraits of Oriental Men and Women, taken from life in both indoor and outdoor costumes, representing Turkish, Jewish, Armenian, Circassian, Egyptian and Druse nationalities, and also scenes from domestic life, illustrative of Mr. Oscanyan's Lectures.

It is the most popular Album; should be seen on every drawing-room table; and the cheapest and most acceptable present that can be made to a lady. Costs only \$3. Sent free, by mail, on receipt of the price, by

C. OSCANYAN,

Second Avenue, 2d door from 56th St., N. Y.

N. B.—To prevent counterfeiting, each package is accompanied by the proprietor's own autograph in four different languages, viz.: Turkish, Armenian, Greek and English.

WOOSTER, Ohio, May 20, 1863.

Sirs:—Having had occasion to use Perry Davis's Pain Killer in my family for the last five years, I am pleased to acknowledge its beneficial effects in every instance. Feeling confident that it was this medicine that saved my child's life, when attacked with Cramp Colic, it is a pleasure to me to recommend it as a good family medicine, and one which every family ought to have in their house. In cases of emergency there can be nothing better; at least, I have always found it so, and I find it to be generally known and esteemed.

Yours respectfully,

H. P. McKEENAN.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

All Communications, Poems for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

### TERMS:

One copy, three months.....	\$1 00
One copy, six months.....	2 00
One copy, one year.....	4 00
Two copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper.....	7 50
Four copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper.....	15 00
Five copies, one year.....	20 00
(With an extra copy gratis to the person sending a club of five.)	
One copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper and one copy of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine (the most replete Lady's book published) for one year.....	7 00

### Important to Subscribers.

In renewing Subscriptions, Subscribers are particularly requested to name the number with which the New Subscription should commence; they will thus avoid receiving duplicates or missing any number. It is desirable that a renewal should be received a week before the expiration of the former subscription, in order that our books may be kept properly adjusted. Attention to this will obviate nine-tenths of the errors which annoy both publishers and subscribers.

### To Correspondents.

First-class stories will be read promptly, and if found worthy of acceptance, suitably compensated. The manuscript should be legibly written, on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied with the address of the writer. Manuscripts written on both sides of the paper will be declined without examination. Poems of a high order and moderate length will meet with attention.

By the decision of the authorities at Washington, ARTICLES FOR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES cannot be sent by mail at the rates of printed matter. If sent by mail, letter postage must be paid. Packages over four ounces should be sent by express.

When parties wish MSS. returned by mail, postage stamps must be enclosed for the full amount. Contributors of short articles, poems, etc., will do well to keep a copy, as the cheapest course.

### Frank Leslie's Comic Almanac.

Our Comic Almanac, which combines useful knowledge with the most sidesplitting fun, as well as the best comic illustrations of the time, has had such a great success that the first edition, which was an unusually large one, was exhausted in a few days. A second is now ready. In addition to containing a complete calendar, with the usual astronomical information, eclipses, a moon table, morning and evening stars, etc., it has a comic history of the months, curiously uniting the classical with the comical, besides amusing stories, bon mots and other facetiae. Persons sending 15 cents, either in postal currency or stamps, will have a copy forwarded free of charge. Address

FRANK LESLIE,  
537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

## Will the Rebels Arm and Liberate their Slaves to Fight for Slavery?

It has been semi-officially announced from Richmond that Jeff Davis and his Confederate rulers have determined upon the desperate expedient of arming and drilling, for the spring campaign, the formidable auxiliary force of 300,000 able-bodied slaves. They are to be bought over to this extraordinary service of fighting for slavery by the offer to each man of the boon of his personal freedom, with the promise of 50 acres of land at the close of the war. The masters concerned, for the loss of their valuable slave property, are to be indemnified in "Confederate Scrip."

This is the scheme. To the dispassionate and intelligent reader, it may seem incredible and preposterous, beyond all bounds of belief; but it is seriously discussed and advocated by the Richmond journals and many of the leading Southern politicians, from Virginia to

Louisiana. They contend that the thing is feasible and advisable; that Southern independence is worth even the sacrifice demanded, and that the gift of his individual freedom and 50 acres of land will secure their black soldier against all the temptations of the Yankees. Absurd, ludicrous, insane and suicidal, therefore, as this project may appear, under the lights of experience and the reasoning of common sense, we are constrained to treat it as a movement seriously contemplated by that remarkable philanthropist and champion of liberty, Jeff Davis. We are the more disposed to this treatment with his confession before us that, with Richmond invested by Gen. Grant, and the imminent danger, and with Georgia and all the States below threatened with subjugation by Gen. Sherman, two-thirds of the white soldiers of "the Confederacy" are deserters or "absent without leave," while none of the remaining whites at home are capable of bearing arms.

We will assume, therefore, that Davis has seriously considered this scheme of arming the slaves of the Confederacy, and has resolved to try the experiment. The question then recurs, how will it work? Let us briefly inquire from the facts before us and the lessons of experience:

First—300,000 able-bodied male slaves are to be armed and prepared as soldiers of Davis for the spring campaign. His Confederacy is now reduced to less than 5,000,000 of souls, of which about 2,500,000 are negro slaves. Deduct from this number 300,000 able-bodied men, in addition to those employed as army teamsters, cooks and laborers, and there will not be an able-bodied negro male left to plough the fields, and plant the corn, beans and potatoes, in the spring, upon which the armies and the people of "the Confederacy" depend to save themselves from starvation.

Our first conclusion, therefore, is that Davis, so far from being able to muster 300,000 negro soldiers for the spring campaign, cannot raise even 50,000 or 20,000, because in the spring the services of all his negroes will be needed to raise bread for "the Confederacy." From the scarcity of horses resulting from the war, more manual labor will be required next spring in preparing Southern lands for corn than ever before, or, in other words, more able-bodied negroes.

Secondly.—We conclude, inasmuch as experience has shown that the Southern slave seizes invariably the first "fair chance" to escape to the Yankees, singly, or in twos, tens and twenties, unarmed, he will not be trusted in armed gangs of hundreds and thousands, with that mockery of the boon of freedom which still consigns his wife and children to slavery, and with 50 acres of land in the mountains of the moon.

Thus much for the slaves. We now come to slaveholders. How will they receive this scheme of bringing their slaves into the field as soldiers for Southern independence?

First.—We hold that they will decide that this scheme inevitably involves the abolition of slavery, and that a Southern Confederacy without slavery is of no earthly use to them.

Secondly.—That it is useless to fight for the abolition of slavery, when they can have it peaceably, and avoid all further spoliation of the war, and all the hazards of a servile insurrection of armed and disciplined blacks, by the simple act of submission to the Union.

Thirdly.—That with "Confederate scrip" reduced to three cents on the dollar, payment in such trash to the slaveholders for his slave property, seized as food for powder, would be downright swindling, with the additional loss, perhaps, of that aforesaid 50 acres of land for each negro taken away; and that, accordingly, the general voice of the rebel slaveholders will be emphatic and decisive against this proposition to despoil them at once of their slaves, their lands and their Confederacy, and in behalf of a cause which is already lost.

Such are our views of the working of this preposterous scheme of liberating the slaves of the South to establish a slaveholding Confederacy; this scheme of knocking "the Confederacy" on the head to secure Southern independence. It will fail at both ends. The slaves cannot be spared from the hoe, and cannot be trusted with the bayonet. The masters having sacrificed everything else to protect their institution of slavery, will not sacrifice their slaves to protract the vain struggle of Davis to save himself "in this last ditch." We are rather inclined to consider the agitation of this scheme at Richmond as an ingenious method of announcing to the slaveholders concerned that their cause is gone, and that Davis would like to have their influence in favor of giving up "the Confederacy" in disgust.

### Summary of the Week.

#### MISSOURI.

The rout of Sterling Price has been more complete than was at first supposed. His intention was undoubtedly to affect the approaching State election, and its success in that respect cannot immediately be ascertained, but so far as the mili-

tary success is concerned it has been a total failure.

The latest intelligence is that the Union forces, having scattered the rebel army, were in close cavalry pursuit of the broken and dispirited remnants of Sterling Price's army. It is, however, difficult to calculate upon the endurance of an army constituted as this is, half guerilla and half Western.

Their last rally was in Newton county, in the south-western corner of the State. That Price's army is regarded by our military authorities as powerless for future operations is evident by the fact that Gen. Andrew J. Smith's corps is retiring towards the eastern portion of the State, marching in two columns, one on each side of the Missouri river, for the purposes of sweeping the country completely clean of the rebels.

#### KENTUCKY.

Preparations have been made to receive the threatened invasion of the rebels, who, it was said, were about to cross the river at Bridgeport, Ala., and march northward, while Forrest attacked Johnsonville. It is certain that the rebels are concentrating their forces for an attack in this direction.

#### SHERMANOAN.

There has been no movement of any importance since last week. Scouts inform Gen. Sheridan that the rebel Gen. Early is at Newmarket, reorganizing the remnants of his old army, and such conscript additions as have been made to it by the Richmond authorities.

#### NORTH CAROLINA.

The Richmond papers announce the taking of Plymouth by the Union troops, after a spirited resistance. They attribute the fall of that town to the absence of the rebel ram Albemarle, of whose destruction by Lieut. Cushing they were then ignorant. This latter achievement was a most brilliant one, and is illustrated and fully described in another part of our paper.

#### TENNESSEE.

A gang of guerillas made an attack on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Cave City on Thursday, and killed and captured several soldiers and negroes. After which they retired with all dispatch.

The day after the raid on the railroad Gen. Hood made his first attempt to cross the Tennessee river, between Decatur and Florence, at the head of the Muscle Shoals of the Tennessee. After considerable fighting the rebels were repulsed with great loss. The correspondent of the New York Herald says that Gen. Sherman has sent the 4th corps to Decatur, to operate against Hood, while he is marching with the other four to Atlanta, to assume offensive operations against the enemy.

#### VIRGINIA.

Our troops before Petersburg and Richmond are busily employed in making log huts for their winter quarters.

A Petersburg despatch in a Richmond paper says:

"On the night of the 1st Nov. Grant drew in his cavalry pickets on the extreme left, below Reams's station, about a mile, and extended his picket line a mile in the rear of his army, in the vicinity of Petersburg, as if to cover some movement."

#### NAVAL.

Lieut. Harris, commanding the army gunboat Masswood, attached to Gen. Graham's naval brigade, had made a reconnaissance up the Nansemond river, and captured a rebel Major and a squad of men.

### TOWN GOSSIP.

POLITICS! nothing but politics. Through all this week not a sensation has rested upon the public mind for an instant unless connected with this for ever recurring theme. Torchlight processions and mass-meetings for supper; registry and discussion for dinner, and printed argument for breakfast. Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips at Cooper Institute holding forth to thousands who swear by them, and George B. McClellan looking forth from the balcony of the 5th Avenue Hotel over the tens of thousands of heads, down upon his old guard, the men who fought, bled and did everything but die with him, on the now sacred soil of Virginia, and who upon that night came forth to pay him honor. There was something to be remembered for a lifetime in the act of standing on that balcony beside that reticent man who has identified his name with the history of a nation. Something in which politics was lost, and we only saw the soldier who marshaled his hosts on the fields of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and by his skill saved a nation from defeat, disgrace and ruin. With this man we cannot associate politics. The very word is a stain upon his record, and yet he stands now, the ostracized general, and the centre and exponent of a great party, who hope by the magic of his name to achieve a bloodless revolution, and alter the whole governmental action of a great people.

Before this paper reaches the hands of its half million of readers the election will be over and the victory won that shall tell us whether for four years more we abide under present rule, or whether the sober second thought of the people has decided for a change. Never before in the history of the country has so great an issue been involved, and yet never before has so quiet an election transpired. There is a calm desperation about the people that tells every one that the time for action has arrived. Voters will come forth by scores of thousands who never before felt the responsibility, and quietly perform that duty which, had it been always performed understandingly, would have saved us all this lavishing of blood and treasure. Such a vote will be polled as will astonish the getters-up of statistics, and show Jeff Davis what a large available force of muscle we have still on hand to help wipe him off the face of creation. 124,000 voters have already registered in New York city, and it will be strange if that number does not swell up on election day to at least 150,000, that being by 40 per cent. a greater vote than has ever before been polled.

The quiet movements that have been made by the National Government in New York city within the past few weeks show a distrust of our loyalty. The closing of the Provost Marshal's offices, and the strengthening of the guard in and about the city, the appointment of Gen. Butler to see to things individually and collectively,



is ominous of fear, but it is fear without a basis. New York is a democratic city, and always will be. The elements of her population make it imperatively so; but she is loyal to the core, and has sealed and is sealing the compact every day with her best blood, and a magnificent share of her wondrous wealth. She is for business, heart and soul, and no business community can, upon time for calm deliberation, be in favor of war.

Had New York been asked, at the breaking out of this rebellion, what she would do towards helping on a war of four years duration, she would not have responded by one man or one cent. The result would have appeared to her as total ruin; but having once become embarked in the struggle, she is willing to carry it to the bitter end, though still claiming the privilege of a grumble, a privilege that should be most especially accorded her, if for no other reason than that while some parts of the country—New England for instance—have made money by the war, she has lost fearfully.

There is but one prayer we shall put up, which is, that the election and its approximations will soon be stilled, that we may read something else in all the newspapers than political squibs, heavy leaders, abusive attacks and disgusting misrepresentations, and God finally prosper the right.

To those who are waiting for their winter overcoats, we impart the intelligence, direct from headquarters, that the journeyman tailors have decided to give in, and throw themselves on the magnanimity of the bosses. It has been diamond cut diamond, but as the employers are the richest diamond, it was not difficult to see which way the battle would go if they only had stamina enough to stand it. It is a presumable case that now we shall have our winter overcoats for some slight figure under \$200.

We may consider the railroad war as over. The public have calmly settled down into paying the extra penny, and though a few patriotic individuals provide themselves with tickets, and stand upon street corners offering them to would-be-passengers, or proffer them occasionally in the cars, the people hardly care to enter into the controversy, feeling that it is easier to pay the tax than to rebel. We are told by such processes as set up for guardians of the rights of the people, that this rise of one cent is but the preliminary to a demand for ten cents per ride; but we, for one, though not doubting the will of the companies to do it, will wait and submit, until such is the case.

One of the events of the week has been the absconding of a paying-teller, he of the Mercantile Bank, with only \$300,000, and his ability, so far—though \$30,000 reward has been offered for him—to keep out of the way. This little matter is refreshing, for the simple reason that we have not had an absconding of any consequence for some years, and as a consequence the public had settled down into the belief that virtue reigned triumphant with paying tellers, and all other persons who wear good clothes and live in brown stone fronts.

Of the absconding teller, we are told that "he was such a gentlemanly man." He drove fast horses and kept up a fine establishment at Staten Island, where, no doubt, he entertained many of the old fog directors and officers of the bank, who, after an evening at his house, and getting comfortably tight—that is, as tight as such highly respectable persons ever get—went away with the set idea that this paying teller was the most genial and reliable man to be found. They knew that he lived at a rate three times beyond his income; but then he lived so well, and had such good wines and drove such excellent horses! Had it been one employer having a clerk, the whole thing would have been out in a month, but in this case the employers were men, and "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and so the paying-teller went on until one day the paying-teller and \$300,000 were missing together.

While upon matters hinging upon Wall street, we will say a word about gold. The precious metal has during the week touched 260, closing with the week at 244½. There is a terrible pressure just now to run the price up to 300, and to judge by the roaring and butting of the bulls, the matter may be a success, which will only be another argument to show how completely the people are in the hands of the capitalists and speculators.

Adverting to the military, it is a significant sign that our streets and public places are beginning to fill up with officers and soldiers, the most of them sent home to vote, but the greater part allowed a furlough because the work for the year is over. To those who are privileged to wear shoulder-straps, as well as to the private, we have a word of advice to offer. It is all comprised in the two words—KEEP CLEAN! It is an error that too many of them fall into, that of going about the streets and into public places unwashed, and with a uniform which, as far as cleanliness goes, could not be touched with a ten foot pole. Most of them do this from the idea that it gives them a veteran look, a soldier tired of war's alarms, coming from the tented field, bringing all his dirt and, perhaps, something else with him. If this is the idea, it is one of great falsity. The world naturally shrinks with repulsion from an ill-dressed and dirty person, and whatever a soldier may gain by sympathy from appearance as a latter-day hero will be lost through that feeling of repulsion. An officer is especially disgraced who cannot keep himself clean or his uniform neat. If he has not that faculty with himself he cannot make his men keep clean, and if he cannot do that he is unfit to command them. Also, we would caution actors, who sometimes see fit to insult the military portion of their audience by allusions to their presence, and suggestions, in bad wit, that they should rather be in the field. The fact is readily admitted, that the place for a soldier is in the field, but we cannot see why, when duty is slack, the one who has faithfully served, perhaps through the whole year, should not have a chance to be a week or two at home, and, if he chooses, to air his shoulder-straps in public places. We shall make it our business to rebuke publicly any actor who utters a slur of this kind, or any manager who permits it.

#### Our Amusements.

The time is one of steady prosperity to managers. Everything in the shape of a show, from grand opera to a three-legged cat, will draw. New York has run theatre mad, and, whether good or bad is offered to its palate, swallows the dramatic food with equal gusto. The habit of theatre-going is very much of the same style as that of whiskey-drinking or newspaper reading; the victim becomes accustomed to a particular bar-room or an especial paper, and his physical or mental taste becomes so hardened by use that he does not detect change. The barkeeper may water or drug his whiskey, or the editor may leave out the spiciness that once gave flavor to his sheet; but the habituated patron still goes on drinking or reading, believing that he is getting precisely the article he received in the past, and enjoying it equally as well. This is the way with our theatres. Instance Wallace's and the Olympic. Instead of progressing with the age, they are steadily retrograding every week, and yet the same familiar faces crowd the seats that we remember in the olden days when something really good was done. The public must go to the theatre, and we hold it to be a sacred duty on the part of the manager, even though his house may be crowded every night, and he has it in his power to fob off old and stupid plays, backed by shabby and worn scenery, and blundered through by stupid sticks, to have sufficient conscience to offer the public his best. The simple truth is that just now there is a flush of money and a desire on the part of the people to amuse themselves and forget their troubles, and the managers are taking advantage of it by offering any trash they can make available. Wallace has revived "Rosedale," cramming

it down the throats of his audience without a word of apology. The Olympic has given us for a novelty the "Rose of Castile," minus all the real attraction, and a few stout repetitions of Mortimer in farce.

Can it be possible that there is no dramatic talent in the country? Or is it that managers will not encourage it? We are satisfied that writers will not bestir themselves very heartily over playmaking for the meagre sum of ten dollars per night, but could not some of our successful caterers for the public bring forth a diamond from the New York mine of talent by offering its price? We firmly believe that there is ability, not in the old literary hacks who will knock you off a five act tragedy or comedy in half a day, and demand pay accordingly, and aspire to be called the dramatic authors of America, but in the floating talent that seeks only to be directed into that channel by inducement. The copyright of a good play is worth exactly ten times what any New York manager is at this moment willing to pay for it, and just so long as the ability to write is undervalued so long will the pen lay dormant.

At the Olympic, we have a debutante in the person of Miss Eliza Newton, who certainly has not beauty to recommend her, whatever other quality she may eventually show herself to possess. In figure she is rather inclined to the petite, and in voice lacking strength and indistinct. On her debut she labored under the disadvantage of appearing in boy's clothes, a serious mistake for a debutante, a disadvantage that we are willing to give her the benefit of, and believe that, with further opportunity, she may prove a sensible addition to the Olympic company.

The real success of the week is Maggie Mitchell as "Fanchon," at Niblo's, and were she supported by anything less than a company of confirmed sticks, we should record the affair as a complete success. Certainly as far as crowded houses go it has been, for through the entire week the passages, lobbies, and every available standing inch has been occupied to its fullest capacity. Miss Mitchell in much that she does is nature itself, and since her last appearance in New York has made marked and wonderful improvement. She is still, however, very unequal, and when—as she does occasionally—breaking into the harsh, Yankeeish drawl, especially unpleasant. In the play there is nothing save what she makes of it, and with a few weeks before a New York audience she will, without doubt, so tone herself that she may properly take rank by herself, as an exponent, not of any school, but as an original.

This week is announced as the last of "Solon Shingle," at the Broadway, and those who have not seen Mr. Owens in this most artistic acting the New York stage has seen, and we can hardly believe that there is such person in the city, should not lose a chance that they may regret in the future. We believe that John Owens's "Solon Shingle" will remain one of the legends—classical if you please—of the stage for ever.

Barnum is given up to dogs, charming dogs, who do everything but speak, and we are not sure but they do that also when they get off by themselves.

The Academy is closed until the 14th, when we are promised "Don Sebastiano" and "Fra Diavolo," the last as rewritten by the composer.

Of all the funny things offered to New York the funniest is that of Artemus Ward. The man who could go to Dodworth's rooms, and sit out an hour under the teachings of Artemus without getting his ribs aches out of order, must have had these organs amputated in his early youth and carefully cradled all the roots. There was something in the air of Dodworth's Hall that we did not like, something that spoke of small audiences and empty benches, of a cavernous void, and equally yawning people; but under the influence of Artemus light has fallen upon dark places, and early in the evening eager masses rush to occupy once empty places; smiles, horse-laughes, and tears from over-laughs have taken the place of yawns and gapes, and serene above all the placid face of the showman looks down upon the crowd, and his right hand waving the baton, trots out the pictures that unfold the hairbreath escapes by flood and field, by savages and seduction, of the learned lecturer on his route to and from the stronghold of comorndon. There is no better way of spending an evening in New York now than with Artemus, provided you can get in.

What shall we say of Heller? So much has been said of this wonderful man—is he a man?—that we feel as though we were following a beaten track no matter what we say. We have a little theory of our own about Heller. We believe him to be only—in disguise, looking around New York and seeking whom he may—. The wisdom that he shows in not running after his prey is good. He rather chooses to weave his web at a prominent spot in Broadway, and lure victims into it by attractions they cannot withstand. What we cannot understand we persist in believing diabolical, even though the perpetrator chooses to tell us that it is only a clever trick. Now we cannot understand this scariest spirit business; we cannot understand the goblin drum; we cannot understand a lot of other things that Heller does, and though Heller tells us that they are only clever tricks, we persist in sticking to our theory unless he immediately calls on us and tells how they are done, that we may explain them to the public.

#### NEW BOOKS.

It is but a little while since Nathaniel Hawthorne was laid in his grave, at Concord, Mass. With him perished all that was mortal of the most original literary genius that our country has yet produced. A strong and stately intellect, a tender heart, a character of childlike simplicity, a brilliant imagination, a faculty for profound analysis of emotion and motive, a quaint fancy, and a complete mastery of the art of English prose writing, were combined in him and are illustrated in his works. One of the most characteristic, instructive and charming of these is his collection of "Twice Told Tales." Each of them is, as it were, the condensed excellence of a 400 page novel. Each is pictorial and full of wise significance. But we need not, at this late day, enlarge upon the merits of a book once so obscure, now so famous. Enough to call the reader's attention to the fact that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have recently published it, in two volumes, in that handsome blue and gold style of which they were the inventors several years ago. In this appropriate dress it deserves a wide circulation.

Miss M. E. Braddon's latest story, "The Doctor's Wife," has been republished, from the English edition, in neat pamphlet form, by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, of this city. It is, like its predecessors from the same pen, fraught with striking incidents, skillfully woven into an interesting plot, and is written with more than Miss Braddon's customary precision of style.

The Nov'r number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, contains several articles of special merit, and is in general an interesting and creditable specimen of magazine literature. Its most valuable article is "The Vengeance of Dominic de Gourgues," by Francis Parkman, which is particularly picturesque in its treatment of a romantic incident in French history. Equally animated and more instinct with the practical spirit of the passing hour is F. H. Ludlow's sketch of travel, entitled "Through Tickets to San Francisco." A more sober, but not less agreeable, paper is that which incorporates specimens of "Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings." Mr. George W. Greene contributes an instructive paper on "The Finances of the Revolution." Politics, Slavery and the War are duly represented. The poetry in this number is of merely ordinary merit, the best specimen of verse being a timely and graceful address to the poet Bryant, on the attainment of his 70th birthday, by H. T. Tuckerman.

The subscription price of the *Atlantic* has, we observe, been raised to \$4 per annum. This is rendered neces-

sary by the increase in the cost of printing materials and of carrying on the publishing business. But the price is not too high for a good magazine.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields also announce a magazine for juvenile readers, to be published monthly, under the title of *Our Young Folks*.

F. LEYFOLDT, publisher, of Philadelphia, has issued the following interesting works:

"Mendelssohn's Letters." These have been translated from the German by Lady Wallace, who has performed her task with much ability. Madame Julie de Maguerittes has supplied a pleasant biographical notice.

"Life of Chopin," by F. Liast. This is translated by Mrs. Cook, and is a charming work.

"Musical Sketches," by Elias Polko, translated by Fanny Fuller. The Publisher's Circular says: "No lover or student of music can fail to enjoy these graceful memorials of its triumphs and marvels, and these aspirations of its mighty teachers."

#### FINE ARTS.

An accurate and powerful bust of the late Archbishop Hughes has been cut by Mr. Richard H. Park, a talented New York sculptor. It preserves, with singular felicity, the expression of mingled dignity and sweetness for which the countenance of the venerable prelate was remarkable. Two photographs, representing the work, in front view and in profile, have been made by Mr. M. Stadfield, of this city, and published by Mr. M. Knoedler. The bust itself is on exhibition at Goupy's gallery.

Still another memorial to the late Archbishop is due to the action of the Board of Aldermen of this city last January, empowering Mr. B. F. Brady, a local artist, to execute a work of art as a testimonial to the memory of the venerable priest. Mr. Brady has finished his work, which is an elaborate and very handsome piece of chirography, designed for the Catholic archiepiscopal residence in this city, now occupied by Abp. McCloskey. Photographs of this memorial are already in circulation. A description of it is here condensed from one of the daily papers: "The work consists of an elaborate frame, manufactured from the finest black walnut, carved in bold relief, and enclosing seven tablets, the centre one of which contains a beautiful crayon drawing of the deceased archbishop, dressed in full canonicals, with the crozier in one hand and the mitre in the other. The frame is 11 feet high and 8 feet wide, in the form of three arches, each of which is surmounted by a cross. The bottom of the frame, which is intended to be hung against the wall, is ornamented by a massive and elaborately carved figure of an angel holding a shield, bearing an escutcheon, upon which is inscribed the coat of arms of the deceased. In side tablets the resolutions of the Board of Aldermen are engraved, the whole presenting the appearance of the finest engraving. In the various panels are grouped 13 pictures, representing the emblems of the Church. The frame is in keeping with the design of the pictures. At the top of the centre arch, just under the cross, is a medallion head, in bold relief, of the deceased prelate, surrounded by an artistic group of archiepiscopal crosses and other religious emblems, harmoniously blended, producing a very pleasing effect."

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—We cheerfully call attention to the following announcement: "We are glad to see that our brave soldiers in the field before Petersburg and Richmond are to be remembered on the approaching Thanksgiving. In addition to Mr. Blunt's suggestion that they be supplied with 50,000 turkeys, a movement has been inaugurated to send them 1,000 barrels of choice apples. The names connected with this generous scheme are such as will insure its success, and are a guarantee to any who may wish to aid in it that their money will be faithfully applied. Contributions may be sent to Storrs Bros., No. 121 Chambers street; Garbutt, Black & Hendricks, Nos. 168 and 170 Chambers street; Lathrop, Ludington & Co., Nos. 23 and 25 Park place, and Spencer & Porter, No. 106 Front street."

A Boston paper says there are now 166 suits for divorce upon the dockets of the Supreme Court in that city. Some of these are old cases, and probably never will be tried. Others have been recently entered. The causes alleged for a judicial separation are cruelty, desertion, criminality, etc. In a majority of cases the wife seeks a divorce from the husband. There is also a large number of petitions of divorced persons for leave to marry again.

About twice as much cotton was received at New York during the first two months of this year as was received during the corresponding period, either in 1863 or 1862. In 1862 the receipts were 89,562 bales; in 1863, 86,930; in 1864, 169,473. During the same period there were exported from New York in 1862, 18,015 bales; in 1863, 12,630 bales; in 1864, 25,010 bales.

The emancipation of the slaves, according to the new Constitution, was celebrated on the 1st Nov. with great spirit.

Up to the 1st of Nov., there have arrived in New York 165,000 emigrants, against 130,000 up to a similar date last year.

Near the Grand Rapids, Mich., a salt lake has been discovered. The inhabitants are expecting great results from this opportune discovery, as it was one of the great things needed.

The Sanitary Fair at Boston has been a very great success. It was closed on the evening of the 26th by a speech from Miss Anna Dickinson.

A treaty has been concluded with the Indian tribes of Southern and Middle Oregon, by which 25 square miles of land are ceded to the United States—so says an exchange paper. We thought that the whole of Oregon was already the property of the United States.

Mrs. Lizzie Conwell Wilson died recently at Cambridge, Mass. She had acquired reputation as a poet, under her maiden name, Lizzie Conwell Smith.

Our venerable contemporary, the *Harford Courant*, completed its 100th year on the 20th of Oct.

The remains of the late Rev. Starr King, who died at San Francisco, were removed on the 22d of September, and deposited in a new resting-place prepared for them in the burying-ground adjoining his own church. A splendid monument of Columbia marble is there erected to his memory.

William Cullen Bryant, one of the most eminent of American poets, attained his 70th year on the 3rd inst. Mr. Bryant is a native of Western Massachusetts.

Further sketches of the raid on St. Albans are deferred in consequence of an excess of fresh themes for illustration.

A Boston paper makes mention of a wonderful blind musician. He plays on various musical instruments with remarkable skill; his voice is of extraordinary compass, rising to the highest tenor notes, and sinking to lower bass notes than any other singer has yet been able to reach. He can play the cornet with one hand, and with the other accompany himself on the piano. He is a gentleman of good general culture, having graduated from the Ohio Institute for the Blind.

The New Orleans *Picayune* devotes over two columns to prove that the climate of that city is not unhealthy, as often alleged, but is, on the contrary, favorable to vigorous old age, and a prolongation of the mental, physical and moral energies and capacities of man.

In the U. S. Commissioners Court, before Commissioner Morton, John C. Bennett, charged with the murder of John West, on board the British ship *Raymond*, while on a voyage from Dublin to this port, has been extradited, on the representation of the British Consul.

Messrs. Ames, J. Parker, W. F. Allen and William Kelley, the Commissioners appointed by Governor Seymour, to visit Washington and investigate the charges of fraud against the State agents for receiving the soldiers' votes, have made their report. They had interviews with the Secretary of War, and obtained from him permission to visit in prison Col. North and Messrs. Cohen and Jones, the arrested persons, who were subjected to improper treatment and great deprivation. They say that they could obtain no copies of the charges against the accused, and have found no evidence that frauds were committed by them. They state also, that soldiers desirous of voting the Democratic ticket meet with great difficulties in their efforts to do so. The Commissioners requested of the Secretary of War that either Col. North and Messrs. Cohen and Jones should be given up for trial to the State authorities, or that the proceedings in their cases should be postponed till after the Presidential election, and they be released on parole, neither of which being complied with, a communication was addressed to President Lincoln by Messrs. Parker, Allen and Kelly, stating the entire case, and their labors being completed, they left Washington. It will be seen that one of the desires of the Commissioners—the postponement of the trial till after the Presidential election—has been complied with by the adjournment of the court to the 14th inst.

Mr. Belmont has offered to wager \$10,000 that if Lincoln is elected the war will last his term, and that the Union will be broken up. He also wagers the same sum, that if McClellan is elected the Union will be restored before his term expires, and that there will be peace on that basis.

The postal money order system has been received with great favor; orders drawn for soldiers in the army of the Potomac will be paid at the office at Fort Monroe, on the soldiers' assignment, and will be paid to any party to whom the soldier may assign it.

Mr. Seward telegraphed to Mayor Gunther, that he is informed that an attempt would be made to burn our great cities on election day. The Mayor said he put no faith in the rumor, but he would be on his guard.

**Military.**—Gen. Wool is to take charge of our north-eastern boundary. This will doubtless put an end to rebel raids from Canada.

A returned prisoner says that while he was in Belle Island, recently, he saw the rebel authorities dump a cartload of soldiers' letters into the river.

**Personal.**—Gen. T. F. Meagher is at Nashville, in active service.

Dickens, in his new story of "Our Mutual Friend," like Thackeray in his later novels, is said to have borrowed some characters from America. The *New Nation* of this week asserts that a "large class of readers in New York will recognise in the person of Mortimer Lightwood, Esq., a gentleman of this city, of whom Mr. Dickens has made a striking similitude."

Mr. Benjamin, the rebel Secretary of State, finding it impossible to write up the rebel finances, has undertaken to write down those of the Federal Government.

Major-Gen. B. F. Butler and Staff have arrived in New York, under orders to report to Major-Gen. Wool.

**Obituary.**—Dr. Isaac W. Scribner, of Lowell, died on the 29th October. He was a man of considerable literary fame, having written a book, which was popular some years ago, called "Legends of Laconia." He was highly esteemed as a gentleman and a friend.

Hon. Nicholas Brewer, Judge of the Second Judicial Circuit of Maryland, died at his residence in Annapolis on the 29th of October.

M. André Perisse, principal member of one of the largest publishing houses in France, died recently at Paris.

**Accidents and Offences.**—A passenger and a cattle train came into collision on the Lafayette and Indianapolis railroad, six miles south of Lafayette, on Monday evening, 31st Oct., and 30 persons were killed and about as many more wounded. A majority of the sufferers were soldiers. Among the killed was the Rev. B. F. Winans, of the Sanitary Commission.

Charles Windsor, 14 years chief teller of the Mercantile Bank, 191 Broadway, has absconded with \$241,000 in notes and gold.

**Foreign.**—The body of the late Cardinal Bedini, who visited this country some years ago, was blown up by a bomb, while lying in state in a church in Italy. Some say that it was merely the explosion of the usual gas generated in corpses.

Joshua Bates, the American partner of Baring Brothers, has died worth \$8,000,000.

There had been some trouble between the authorities at Aspinwall and the commander of the French ship of war there. He had brought sailors to recruit the French fleet in the Pacific, which the authorities refused to allow to pass over the Isthmus. Whereupon the French captain threatened to land them under cover of his guns and force a passage across. The authorities gave way, and the matter was settled.

In Mexico the French fleet were preparing to attack Mazatlan, and it was said such were the extortions of the native chiefs that the inhabitants were perfectly willing to accept the Emperor Maximilian, whose army was marching up Chihuahua, where Juarez had retreated to. The imperial cause seems to be gaining ground daily.

The Spanish fleet still hold the Chinese islands.

It is alleged that an agent of the Sultan of Turkey has been arrested at Paris, for endeavoring to procure young women there for the Sultan's harem.

A correspondent of the *New York Observer*, writing from China, says that the Emperor of that country "still regards it as his prerogative to deify mortal men, and command his subjects to worship them."

Lord Palmerston completed his 80th year on the 20th of October.

The poet Alexander Smith is editing a new edition of the poems of Robert Burns, for which he will also furnish a memoir.

A volume of hitherto unpublished writings of Douglas Jerrold is announced in London.

An unusually valuable silver mine has lately been discovered in Sweden.

A Liverpool newspaper has discovered that Mr. Gladstone, England's Chancellor of the Exchequer, is lineally descended from Henry III. King of England and Robert Bruce King of Scotland.

Mention is made in a foreign paper of a young lady, residing at St. Etienne, in France, who can see perfectly well in the dark but not all by daylight. The infirmity is rare, but not unprecedented.

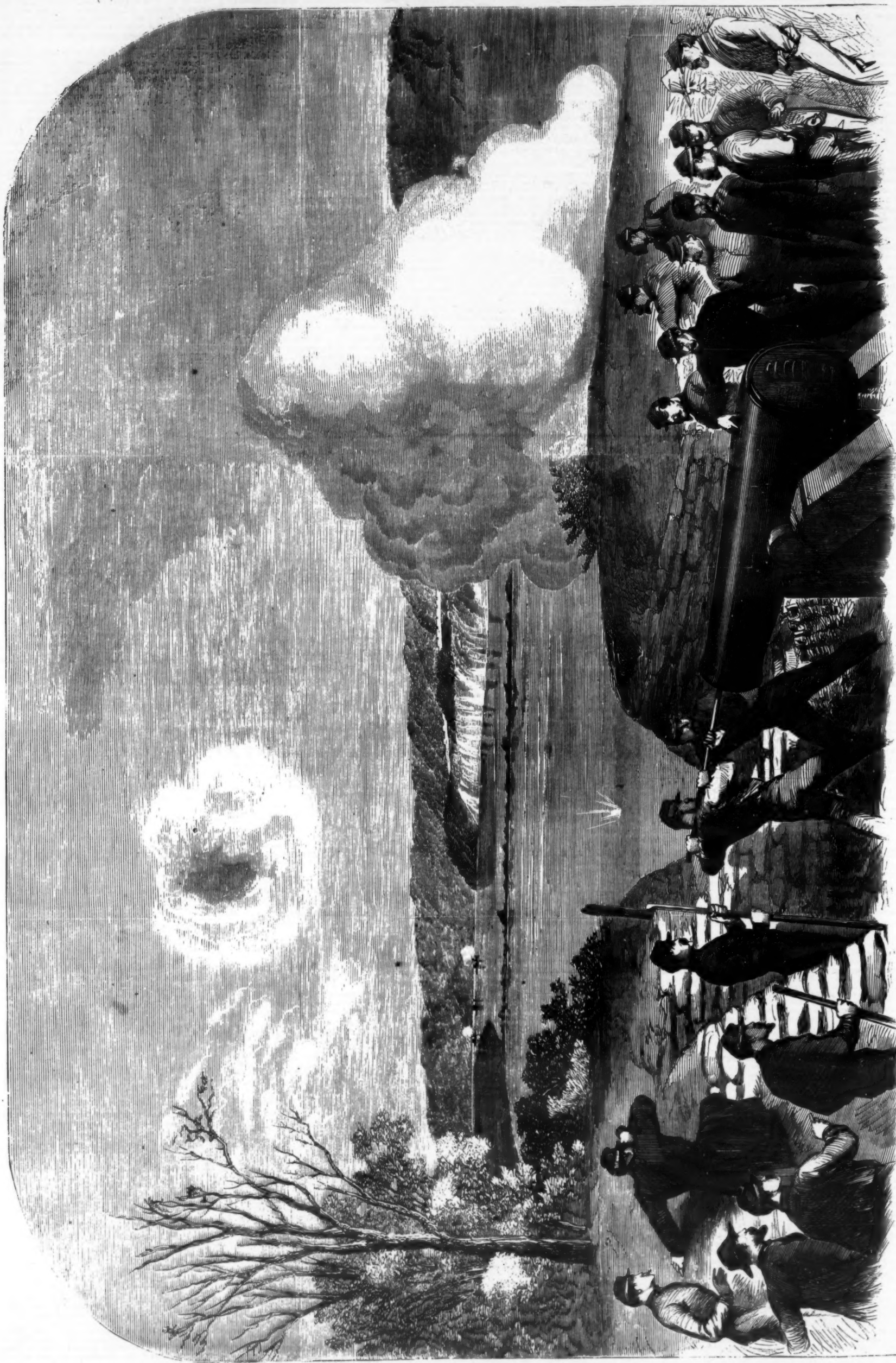
SEVENTEEN million francs were recently drawn from the Bank of France, in the course of a single week.

THE Legislative Assembly at Vancouver Island has passed resolutions, favoring a Federal Union with the neighboring colony of British Columbia.

GREENBACKS travel far and wide. A contemporary says: "We have received a \$5 greenback from a correspondent in Monrovia, Western Africa."

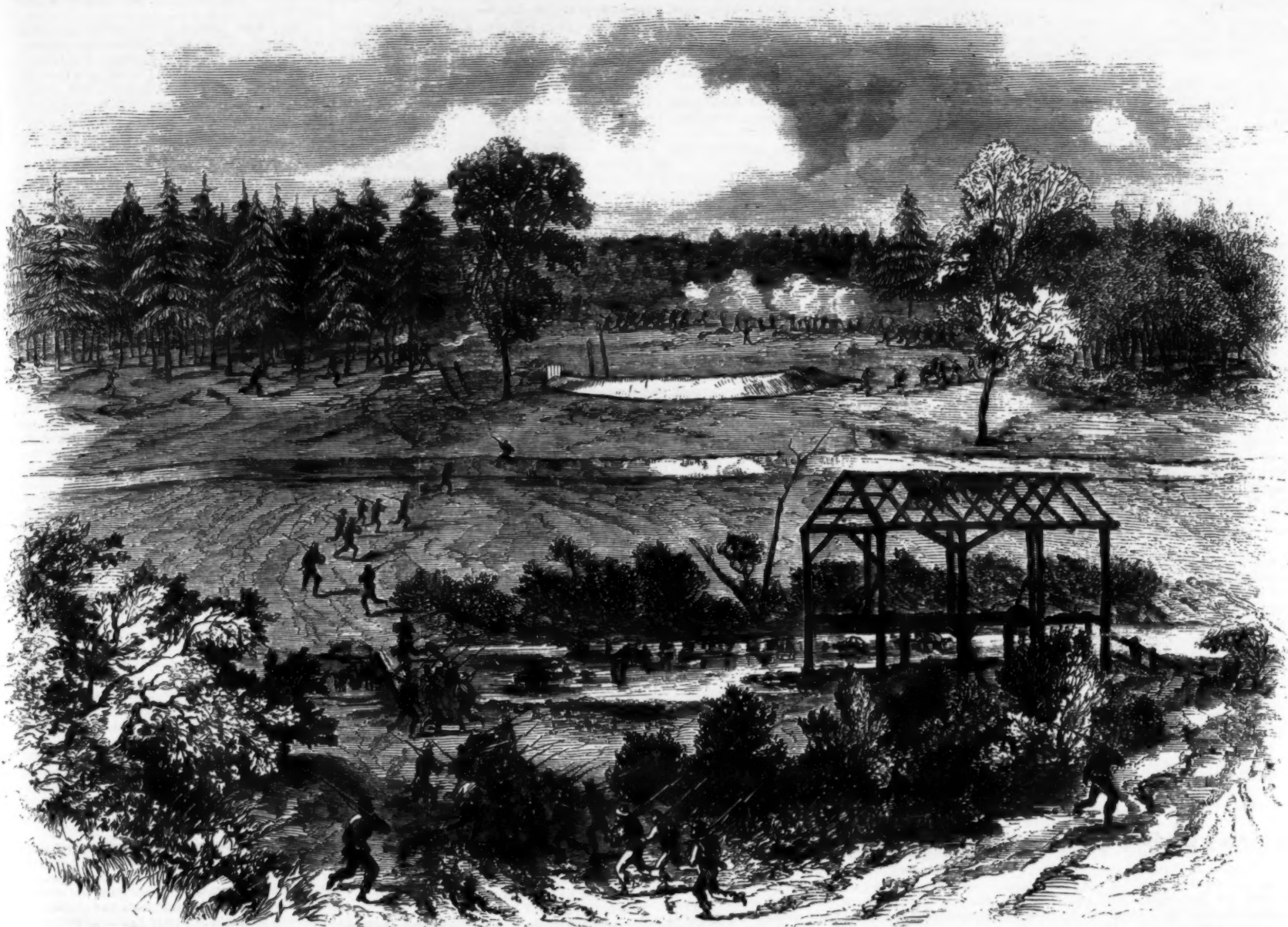
THE importance of a comma was well illustrated, in a return, received by the parish authorities of a Canadian district, from their chief constable. The document announced the dismissal of a police officer "For attempting to marry his wife, being alive."





HOWLETT'S (REBEL) BATTERY, ON THE JAMES RIVER, VA.—SHELLING OUR MONITORS, AND THE LAPOREES ON THE DUTCH GAP CANAL.—FROM A SKETCH FROM A REBEL SOURCE.





ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BATTLE OF HATCHER'S CREEK, VA., OCT. 27—THE 2ND CORPS, UNDER MAJOR-GEN. HANCOCK, FLANKING THE REBEL WORKS AT ARMSTRONG'S HILL ON HATCHER'S CREEK.

**FOR VICTORY!**

BY MYRON FOX.

The darkness flies, the flush of morn  
Proclaims that day is being born—



The darkness of our nation's night,  
When Wrong threw gauntlet to the Right,

And there was gloom, and pain, and jar,  
And all the hideous crash of war:

The golden day, the day of good,  
When o'er the land sweet peace shall brood,

And the united nation's path  
Shall lead from out the vale of wrath.

Almighty God, our Sovereign Lord,  
To Thee, at whose commanding word

Chaotic night gave radiant birth  
To suns, and moons, and stars, and earth;

Who giveth nations life or death,  
And good or evil, with their breath,

To Thee, Jehovah, Lord, to Thee,  
We give all thanks for victory!

From the death-field of smoke and flame  
We come with anthems to Thy name.

A nation saved bows at Thy throne,  
And gives the praise to Thee alone!

To Thee we pray: God save the right;  
O Father, nerve us for the fight—

The work that yet remains to do,  
In combat for the good and true.

And when bright peace shall come again,  
We'll praise Thee in more gladsome strain.

To Thee, Jehovah, Lord, to Thee,  
All praise we'll give for victory.



THE GRAVE IN THE DESERT.



CROSSING THE PLAINS.

**CHECKERED LIFE.**

"Half the world know not how the other half live."  
Old Proverb.

SCENE I.

A FREESTONE mansion in Fifth avenue, New York. Time, evening. Carriages thunder up to the door, and numerous beshawled and cloaked ladies and gentlemen enter the domicile. It is the first reception of Maggie Doremus, the only child of one of the noblest of the merchant princes of the proud city. Happy they who are entitled to entrance! More happy they who receive the smile of friendship from the beautiful girl! Hers was that charming simplicity that denoted that the freshness of childhood was not yet gone, but was ennobled by a refined taste and a pure heart.

The party was a brilliant success. There were two or three witty conversationalists in the parlors, who kept a crowd perpetually amused by their keen repartees. A retired nook was found, where a number of "good people" withdrew from frivolity to discuss benevolence and scandal. And the great drawing-room was gorgeous with splendid dresses, gay with song and dance. Such a party! Wealth and wit, youth and beauty, learning and taste! Everybody saw, and heard, and partook of just what was most desired, and was most exquisite, and then, before being cloyed with anything, were whisked off to something else equally agreeable, so that ennui and boredom for once were forgotten.



In the midst of the gay scene Mr. Doremus approached his daughter.

"Maggie," said he, "Mr. Suydam is in the parlor, and I wish you to become acquainted with him. I have invited him to spend his vacation at our house."

"Why, pa," said Maggie, "I thought his opinions were so strict that he would not attend a party like this."

"Well, I believe he had no choice. He wrote to me that he should be in town to-night, and I sent Patrick down to the ferry with the carriage to meet him, and bring him directly here. It did not occur to me but that he would have a suitable dress, and it is now too late to remedy the difficulty."

"I will go with you now, pa," said Maggie.

"Who is that Suydam that Mr. Doremus spoke of?" asked one lady of another.

"Oh, I understand he is a theological student at Brunswick, whom Mr. Doremus has educated. His father used to be a merchant here in auld lang syne, and was unfortunate. You must recollect him. The family are all dead except this son, who, it is said, will make a first chop dominie."

"Rather dangerous to bring him here where Maggie is—a girl with no mother to advise her. It would be a pity to have all this money go to a dominie."

"Not the least risk; Maggie is unusually sensible! Besides, this Suydam is nobody yet. But what do you think? Is there any chance for that frightful Mrs. Wilcox to catch Doremus?" etc.

Meantime Mr. and Miss Doremus entered the parlor. In one of the shadiest corners—if that could be shady which was all light and splendor—sat the unhappy Suydam. The velvet chair he occupied "seemed stuck full of pins." Eyes of the great, the polished, the witty, the learned, the beautiful fell upon him with glances of mirth, of pity, of scorn, as the risible, the sympathetic or the proud prevailed in the temperament of their possessors. Looked once and then were suddenly withdrawn, involuntarily asking, "What the devil does he here?"

Poor, uncouth, countrified student! Little didst thou know what thou wast to encounter when gratitude compelled thee to accept the invitation of the benefactor whose kindness made his requests commands. Mr. Doremus had met him at the door of the house, had conducted him to his room, had waited for him till he was prepared to descend to the parlor, and then the student suddenly became conscious that his personal pride, which had prevented him from procuring suitable professional attire, while he was yet dependent, had placed him in a most embarrassing position toward both his benefactor and his guests. Coloring to the temples, he began a stammering apology, which his host cut short by plying numerous questions about his professors, until poor Suydam found himself seated in a corner of the crowded parlor, longing for the earth to open and swallow him up.

A moment more and Mr. Doremus returns, and leaning upon his arm is a vision of more than earthly beauty. Glad all in white, with no ornament except a necklace of costly pearls, her glossy brown hair folded in the simplest Grecian coiffure and supported by a golden arrow, brilliant hazel eyes fairly illuminating an open, intelligent, handsome face, Maggie Doremus had a countenance that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

Straight up to the trembling criminal (in his own estimation) walked this dazzling creature, and without waiting a word from her father, as if she knew that the poor boy would break down under a formal introduction, put her hand out to him as he rose, trembling, and spoke—"Angels and ministers of grace!" she spoke—and in the dialect of mortals!

"Good evening, Mr. Suydam; we are glad to see you in New York. You must find it quite a relief to have examination over, and be your own master for a while," and so on, with a series of commonplace remarks, until self-possession had returned to the student. She then observed to her father, who had remained at her side, much gratified at her tact:

"I will introduce Mr. Suydam to Professor G— and Doctor M—, whom I see in conversation with Mr. L. I have hardly exchanged a word with them to-night."

So without ceremony she placed her glove on Mr. Suydam's old coat sleeve—happy old coat, from thenceforth thou wast glorified!—and boldly led the youth to the intellectual magnificence.

"Professor G—, great is the honor your presence confers upon your grateful pupil. Let me introduce to you a citizen of our republic of letters, Mr. Suydam. 'Dr. M—, that article of yours in the *Lancet*, upon Kleptomania, was horribly fascinating. Are all our errors, then, diseases? Have you read the discussion, Mr. Suydam, upon Moral Insanity? No! Then I will lend you my numbers. Dr. M—, Mr. Suydam. Also Mr. L—, famous as a punster. Beware of him!"

"I pun!" cried Mr. L—. "Pun-ica fides! 'Frailty, thy name is—'"

"Don't give him a chance!" interrupted Dr. M—. "We have only just reduced him to silence. I have timed him by my watch; he requires just six seconds in order to charge his battery before perpetrating an atrocity."

"Curious," said Mr. L—, "how these logomachs disparage word-wit. They maintain that word-war is something glorious, and confuse sense with sound by great mouthing epithets. But the sheet-lightning of dazzling word-play, the phosphorescent gleams of tropical seas parted by dolphin thought, the glitter of metal lodes in cavernous mines, struck by the hammer—"

"I strike!" cried Dr. M—. "I surrender! Only don't dilate upon the poetry of what the lexicographer calls a low species of wit."

"Word-flashing wit low!" said Mr. L—. "Mr. Suydam, doesn't Horace express somewhere exactly the opposite sentiment?"

"I only recollect one passage," said Mr. Suydam,

"which seems to inculcate any such idea; the celebrated one, 'Quod si me Lyricis,' which might, perhaps, be rendered:

"But write me great in punster lore,  
My head sublime the stars shall bore."

the reference, doubtless, being to sublimity stars."

"Mr. Suydam," said Dr. M—, "are you any relation to the Suydam, once famous in Yorktown, of Suydam & Rapelje?"

"His son, sir," said the youth, now with trembling lip.

"My dear boy!" cried the doctor. "Why, your father and myself were intimate friends! Ah, now I see his expression in your countenance. Professor, how these fathers live in the children! I am sometimes almost frightened when I look in the mirror, thinking for a moment that I see my father there! You recollect Mr. Suydam?"

"Very well, and ever since this young gentleman has been here I have been endeavoring to recover the locality and recollection haunting me. It is all vividly renewed now. For many years Mr. Suydam had a box near mine at the Post Office, and it so occurred that in those primeval days we were accustomed to go ourselves for our letters at the same hour. Our punctuality became to each other a proverb."

One remark led to another. In the full flow of conversation Miss Doremus glided away, producing no break in the tide; and all "went merry as a marriage bell."

#### SCENE II.

THIS scene commences in the same location as the former, but, alas! the red flag is hung out the doorway. The firm of Doremus & Co. is no more. Business too extended, unfortunate debtors, dishonest agents, and at last a commercial crisis had brought the company to the verge of ruin, when the sudden death of Mr. Doremus inflicted the final blow. Maggie gave up all, even her personal effects, and had the satisfaction of saving her father's honor; but, then, nothing remained but to seek some employment that might afford subsistence.

Let us do her friends justice. A gentleman, who had sought her hand in her days of prosperity, now renewed his proffer, and was again kindly but firmly refused. More than one invitation was addressed to her to take up her residence in the families of old friends, all of which were respectfully but decidedly declined. What will she do?

But suddenly a new actor appeared. James Suydam had arisen to be a pulpit orator of no mean order. He now sought the daughter of his benefactor, avowed his attachment, and entreated her to become the light of his house. A new congregation, just organized in one of the most thriving of the Western cities, had tendered him an invitation to become their pastor. Maggie recognized Mr. Suydam's force of genius, as well as the excellence of his heart. Certainly, he did not captivate her imagination or bewilder her soul as she expected love would, but she felt a pure and tender friendship for him, and so she told him.

"We people of Dutch descent are not apt to give way to transports," said he, smiling. "But the loving regard of a heart like yours outweighs a thousand moonstruck fancies. If I can but prove myself deserving, I know that your esteem will never diminish!"

"I am confident it never will," said she.

So a plain and modest wedding-party assembled at the house of an acquaintance, and James Suydam and Maggie Doremus were bound together for better or worse.

Happiness, that for a time had fled from Maggie, now returned. The city in which she lived was an ambitious, thriving place, and her husband's talents found ample scope. Eight years of pleasant life flew by like a dream. Two children, the elder a boy, born a year after marriage, and three years later a daughter, had come to gladden the household. Then sorrow followed.

Mr. Suydam was attacked with pulmonary disease. He struggled on with his duties as long as possible, but at length a violent hemorrhage from the lungs compelled him to desist.

"Oh, Maggie," wrote he, after his physician had forbidden him to attempt to speak, "it is hard to have to give up all this pleasant life I have had with you, and all this work, and become a helpless dependent until it please God that I die. And you and the children, how can you live?"

Now came out the spirit of the brave New Yorker:

"We are not going to have you die yet," said she. "Don't feel concerned about the family; I have no doubt that we can get our living easily enough. Only don't be troubled about us. We'll prove that we are Dutchmen by our obstinacy!"

And she stooped over and kissed him as he lay upon the sofa, perhaps partly to hide the tears that welled up into her eyes.

That very day she started out to solicit music scholars. Fortunately she had the reputation, which she deserved, of being an accomplished performer on the piano, and before night she had secured pupils enough to occupy all the hours she could employ.

"Husband," said she, after she had told him what she had done, "I think you had better remain sick all the time, or at least be content to stay at home and nurse the children, for my profession will pay better than yours."

But vain her cheerfulness, watchfulness and energy. For two or three months the flattering disease buoyed up her hopes, only then to crush them at once and for ever. Mr. Suydam had been confined to his room in January; in March his mortal remains were laid down in the earth.

And now, suddenly, the eldest child, bright Jamie, was taken with the same disease. The most skilful physician of the city, a man of large learning and observation, was called in. He care-

fully sounded his patient's lungs, and then, taking the anxious mother into the parlor, said:

"I will be plain with you, Mrs. Suydam, for you can bear it. Your son's disease is hopeless in this climate. I do not know that any removal can save him; but it is certain that he will die here. There is a chance, if you could take him by the overland route to California, that the clear, bracing air of the plains, followed by the dry atmosphere of that remarkable country, may restore him to health. Think over what I say."

"There is no need to think," replied Maggie. "To save my son's life, I would go to the ends of the earth."

So she at once announced that as soon as she could complete her arrangements, they would commence their journey for the Golden State. To western children the idea is familiar; yet Maggie herself was astonished at the effect of her words. Jamie rallied as if by enchantment, and while a soft flush arose to his pale cheek, began to tell his sister of the horses and oxen, of the great herds of buffaloes and the howling wolves that would wander at night around the camp fires, afraid to come near. "Oh, mother!" cried he, "when we reach California, there we shall see what you have told us so much about, the great, great sea. There will be the ships with their white sails, and the little boats that toss on the great waves, just as when you used to go to Rock-away."

All was speedily arranged. Experienced guides were called in to decide what outfit was needful. The furniture of the beloved home was disposed of; two careful men were hired to drive the teams, and on the first day of May, with two commodious wagons, each drawn by two yokes of slender, quick-stepping steers, the party were ferried across the Missouri at Council Bluffs.

One of these wagons conveyed the family, and was their kitchen and bedroom. The other contained their stores.

A long train of emigrants, with more than a hundred wagons, was in company, and a formal agreement was made to keep together until they should reach the Snowy Mountains. At the first night encampment after leaving the Missouri, a meeting of the emigrants was called, a captain elected, and the route for several days in advance was agreed upon.

After Maggie had partaken of her supper, and her hired men had gone away to some other family, as she sat conversing with her children, an elderly man in the roughest attire of a trapper—buckskin hunting shirt and pants stained by many months exposure, dilapidated fur cap, long rifle, and all the accoutrements of a hunter, approached her, slowly and carefully scrutinizing herself, the children, the wagons. Having apparently satisfied his curiosity, he addressed her.

"Evening, marm!"

"Good evening, sir," replied Maggie, and then partly from deference to his age, and partly perhaps from the habit acquired by her husband's profession, she added, "Will you take a seat, sir?"

"Ef yer please," said the trapper, evidently delighted with the attention.

"I kinder likes yer looks, marm, and have hern tell that yer war takin that peaked-looken boy of yours to California for his health. Right place, but a long way off. But that warn't what I war goin to say. This here train will soon break up I reckon. I've seed a heap of trains, but I never seed one that could get to Sweetwater without broken up. Then these hired men of yours will be of no count on the plains. They're bound to quit the fust time they get huffed."

"Why, what should I do?" said Maggie. "I never yoked a steer in my life, or drove one."

"Jest what I thought," chuckled the trapper. "Howsomever, that don't mind; jist see how the men do it, and yer'le soon learn. But that warn't what I war goin to say. I seed yer had to go to tother wagon for yer bacon. Now that won't do. Suppose tother wagon war stamped by varmints, or washed away in the branch, what yer got here to eat?"

"Nothing!" replied Maggie.

"I'll help yer rectifier that when we are done this here council. Suppose one of these cursed Injuns comes creepin up to yer wagon, I don't see any rifle or six shooter at hand."

"I have not got any," said Maggie.

"Never spotted a mark in yer life?"

"I never fired off a gun."

"I have!" cried Jamie, "and I can load a rifle too!"

"That's the critter!" said the trapper. "Now I'm not agoin to have yer start across the plains without a good rifle and six-shooter. I've got some campagnones here, and we'll jest pass the hat around for yer."

"No!" said Maggie, "I can pay for a gun myself—that is, I think I can. How much will it cost?"

"I'm powerful sorry yer won't let me git the irons as I wanted to. Howsomever, there is a feller over here got strapped at poker, I can get his right cheap."

The trapper then deliberately rose and went into the crowd, from whence he presently returned with a handsome double-barrel shot gun and a revolver. The price was fortunately within Maggie's means, and she cheerfully paid the amount to the trapper. The latter then proceeded to explain the mechanism of the pieces, and nearly gave a warwhoop of pleasure when he saw how quickly his lessons were learned.

"Now, marm," said the trapper, "here come yer men. We'll jest put a little hard tack, some bacon and sarce in yer own wagon, and then if tother gives yer the slip, it's all right."

The hired men at first refused to make any change, and the trapper grew dark and silent; but the captain of the train happening to come up, and the circumstances being explained, he ordered the transfer to be immediately made.

When all had been done the trapper spoke to the two men.

"Look here, fellers! Yer've got some d— trick in yer mind. I'll be on the plains afore summer's over; if yer play any dirty trick on this here woman, or the pickaninnies, I'll lift yer har like Injuns and wear it. Look here!" And opening the bosom of his hunting-shirt, he displayed a number of bloody scalplocks. Then haughtily, and without a glance at the company, he stalked away, and Maggie saw him no more.

The opinion of the trapper respecting the train proved correct. Day by day it was lessened by the withdrawal of some of the company. Near the head waters of the Platte it was completely disbanded; and the morning after, the two hired men employed by Maggie deliberately yoked her three best teams of oxen to her store wagon and drove away, leaving her encamped where they had spent the night. Yet such had been her fear of them for some time, that she had never laid down without having her firearms ready in her reach, and by daily practice had made herself an adept in their use. When the men deserted her, she felt rather relieved than otherwise.

#### SCENE III.

ONE thousand four hundred miles west of Council Bluffs lies the Humboldt Desert. Basaltic or sandstone mountains, mostly destitute of vegetation, border the desert on the south. Some distance northward lies that desolate region through which flows the Mary or Humboldt river. Eastward and westward extends a great plain of alkaline soil, which refuses to support any vegetation, except an occasional patch of sage brush, which no domestic animal will eat. Later explorations enable travellers almost entirely to avoid this horrible region, and where the road leads over any portion wells have been dug at frequent intervals to obviate its sufferings. The surface of the earth in the dry season is covered with an impalpable dust like ashes, that rises in clouds at every step, and remains suspended in the air long after the passenger has gone by. Five or six years ago there were deserts of this character forty miles in breadth, and where the main emigrant trail could be tracked by the bones of animals, and even human beings, whose strength had failed on the route, and who had perished.

One hot day in the early part of August, 1858, a single wagon, drawn by two oxen, was slowly crossing this frightful region. The company consisted of a sunburnt woman, attired in a faded calico frock, with shoes much the worse for wear, and an old slouched sunbonnet on her head. A thin-faced boy, some seven years of age, was driving the team. In the front part of the wagon, propped up with pillows, sat a little girl crimsoned with the flush of fever, even through the coating of dust which covered her face, and which she seemed to be faintly trying to dissipate by the aid of an old palmleaf fan that had been brought from Oriental deserts, as if with the intent to perish in a kindred clime.

Everything about the company proved that they were nigh exhaustion. The thin, emaciated cattle could scarcely move on, while their pendant tongues seemed fairly parched by the heat. The timbers of the wagon had shrunk out of place in the intense dryness of the air, and the tires were only kept on the wheels by being bound with rawhides. The woman would occasionally relieve the lad in his task, and from time to time would speak cheering words of encouragement. Suddenly the cattle stopped, and one of them lay down.

"Let us put two or three cups of water in the bucket for Dewlap," said the woman. "Perhaps when he tastes it, he will start again."

The ox drank the water, and looked eagerly for more.

"You cannot have it, old fellow," said the woman. "It is better that you should die than we."

"But, mother," said the boy, "if he dies, we shall perish too."

The woman made no reply, but began to chafe the lying down animal with her hands.

"Ma! ma!" cried the little girl, "a man on horseback is coming."

From the westward a man was now seen riding at a gallop towards them. He soon reached the wagon.

"What!" said he, "your critter gin out. That's bad, for there are Injuns comin. If you could git over the divide, south yonder, you would see a lone tree. Right thar is a spring with some good grass. But yonder come the varmints. I can't help you. All I can do is to save my own scalp." And he struck spurs into his horse and rode off full speed.

And now, following on his trail, came into view a band of mounted savages, in all the terrors of plumes and war paint. Their fierce countenances, uncouth and merciless, were stained with vermilion, over which was settled a coat of dust, except where washed away by streams of perspiration, which also covered their hard-riden horses. With whoops they surrounded the wagon, and peered under its poor patched cover. One of them—apparently the leader—said some words in his jargon, and then reaching out his lance, touched the thin hand of the little sick girl. Blood flowed from the touch, and a chorus of wild hooting laughter broke from the band.

Like a flash Margaret sprang to the wagon, drew the gun from beneath the seat, and at the same instant Jamie seized the revolver. "Back! back!" said she fiercely, "or I fire!" As she waved the muzzle towards the Indians they reined back their horses, and then held a conversation.

One of the savages now dismounted, laid down his weapons, and holding out his hand, walked up towards the family. But as Margaret looked in his eye, the gleam was ferocious and cruel.

"Back or you die!" said she, and the fellow slunk away intimidated by her manner.

The Indians consulted for a moment, and then riding back about a hundred yards, alighted from their horses and sat down in a circle. One of them



presently arose and began a speech. He pointed to the sun, and slowly allowed his hand to follow its course to where it would set. He acted as if groping about in darkness, and then going down upon his hands and feet, he imitated the long howl of a wolf. Presently he sprang to his feet with a wild cry, and made the rapid motion of sweeping his hand about his head three times, and then with a triumphant laugh held up three fingers. Margaret comprehended the gestures. "He is urging them," thought she, "to wait till night before attacking us, and then that they should creep up and scalp us."

Another warrior now arose. For some time he spoke in a low tone without gestures, then he became animated. He represented three positions, and horses galloping to each. Then stretching out his arms, he gave a shout and brought his hands together and folded them on his bosom. Then, like the former brave, he held up three fingers with a long laugh. Continuing his gesticulations, he pointed to the sun and made a swift motion towards the west, then he rapidly turned towards the south and the north, imitated the motion of a horse, shook his head, uttered a low wail and sat down. Immediately grunts of satisfaction came from the whole band.

"Jamie," said Margaret, "I think that man is urging the Indians to attack us immediately, lest they should be interrupted. Do you feel afraid?" "Not the least, mother," they are cowards! I think we shall whip them; but at any rate I will kill that fellow that struck Mary."

The Indians now promptly mounted their horses and divided themselves into three bands on different sides of the wagon. They shook their lances, unloosed their bows, and with whoops made their horses caracole about. At a signal cry they formed into lines and gathered up their bridle reins. When suddenly from far broke upon the ear the report of a cannon. Then a loud whistle followed, increasing to a fearful scream. Then a smoking mass fell to the ground scarce fifty yards from the wagon, throwing up the sand as it buried itself in the ground. Then followed a thundering report, while a cloud of smoke and dust filled all the air.

"Dragoons! dragoons!" cried the savages, and without an instant's pause, setting spurs to their horses, darted off at full speed in the direction from whence they first appeared. An instant more and another shell went whistling and shrieking after them in their flight. And now from the eastward came riding up a company of cavalry, their sabres gleaming in the hot sunshine, and their scabbards and accoutrements clanking in their headlong speed. Behind them came hurrying up the gun from which had come the messengers of deliverance, and which once more limbered up, was now whirled along by six powerful horses under the lash of the impatient drivers. The whole force went sweeping by the emigrant wagon without pause, and soon was lost to sight.

"Mother!" said the lad, "the man said that Lone Tree Spring was over that divide. Let us try to reach it."

But vain was the attempt to start the oxen, both of whom were lying down. The mother fell upon her knees.

"Oh, God! suffer not my little ones to perish thus."

Then arising she endeavored again to start the oxen. But now a gentle breeze from the southward arose and fanned the weary group. Both the oxen instantly raised their muzzles towards it; and then springing up of their own accord, began to walk rapidly towards the divide. The wonderful scent for water which all thirsty cattle have is well-known to travellers in the desert. The breeze brought the well-known odor to the discouraged beasts of the emigrants, and at once inspired them with new life. The wagon was speedily tracked up the sandy elevation, from whence was plainly discerned, a mile or two away, a single tree; while for a few yards about it, the desert was greener than elsewhere. The oxen now seemed frantic with eagerness. They utterly refused guidance. They paused at no impediment. They rushed on at full speed over the now broken ground, threatening at every moment to dash the wagon to fragments. On, on, they rushed until they reached the channel which some kind hand had scooped for the rivulet; and then plunging their mouths into the clear golden water, they drank until they seemed ready to burst from repulsion.

The oxen were presently unyoked, and fell greedily upon the rich herbage. Then Margaret was startled to find how much her little daughter was exhausted by the heat and the exciting scenes of the day. She even refused to more than taste of the cool fresh water, so rare on the route; and though before she had suffered much from thirst. The slight effort needful to wash off the oppressive dust seemed to leave her languid and faint.

"Come, ma!" said she, presently, "take me in your arms, and tell me about the great beautiful sea."

Margaret gathered her close to her heart, while a dark, deep fear fell upon her.

"Ma," said the little one, "do you love Mary?" "I was not afraid of the Indian. I knew he could not hurt me."

Slowly the hours went by. The sun descended behind the distant mountains, and darkness came creeping over the earth, and curtained in the little family. Jamie had found a limb or two broken from the tree, which he had cut into small pieces, and brought to the wagon, together with some armfuls of dried grass. He had, however, delayed a little to kindle the fire, when suddenly the oxen came running to the wagon, a dog that had followed them for a thousand miles, partaking of their fare, uttered a short bark, followed by a long melancholy howl. As it died away, twenty, then a hundred voices took up the same plaintive wail, and then followed a chorus of yelping, snapping, howling cries, enough to make the blood with terror.

"Jamie, my dear, the fire! the fire!"

"All right, mother," and the clear flame blazed up, flashing splendor upon a score of gaunt forms with white teeth and glaring eyes which shrunk back from the light.

The cool night winds blew through the thin curtains.

"Is my little Mary cold?"

"No, ma. Ma's darling is so happy."

"Did you not feel afraid when you heard the howling wolves?"

"I have not heard them to-night. Oh, ma, we are almost to the sea."

"At the sea! Oh, no, my dear, we have yet far to go."

"Ma's darling has not. Oh, ma!" exclaimed she, as if rallying from her languor; "I see it now. It is like the great prairie, only it shines like silver. I see, oh! so many people there. Oh, ma! There is pa!"

She raised her head from her mother's bosom; she stretched upwards her little arms; then the head fell back as heavy as lead, and the arms sank down powerless.

And now the moon arose vast and red from the eastern desert. Calmly it shone down upon the solemn scene, the arid mountains, the sandy waste, the lonely tree, the little rivulet, the poor emigrants. It also shone far off on the great cities, cultivated fields, and all the appliances of wealth. But upon nothing over the wide earth did it shed a sweeter lustre than upon the countenance and form of the little girl that lay dead in her mother's arms in the emigrant wagon.

All night long Margaret sat motionless, holding close to her heart the inanimate form. With the first light of morning she said to Jamie:

"Come, my son! help me to prepare a place to lay down our little Mary to sleep."

They selected a spot near a ledge of rocks that broke up through the soil. They scooped out the sand sufficiently to make a shallow grave. They wrapped the little form in the best garments they had remaining, and enclosed all in a blanket, and then softly laid down the precious dust in the humble grave. Mother and son then knelt down, and with tears and broken words mingled with sobs uttered the prayers and promises of Christian hope. They filled the grave, piling up into form the mound above. Then going to the ledge, they rolled down the heaviest rocks they could move, and piled them around and above the sacred spot, so that no wild beast could disturb it. All day was occupied with these pious labors. Night once more gathered over the scene, and mother and son, comforted by their faith in God, safely slept beneath the bright moonlight, protected by the angel guards that kept watch and ward around the lonely grave of Mary Suydam.

## SCENE IV.

THIS is laid in a canon or narrow valley in the mountains of San Luis Obispo county, California. The high road from San José to Santa Barbara here follows for some distance up the course of the rivulet; then turning southward crosses the stream and ascends a precipitous hill. As soon as the rocky bed of the creek is past, another road, but less travelled than the former, is seen to turn abruptly into the forest to the right, and continue to follow up the rivulet, though now on the right bank.

To this spot, one soft, pleasant morning in the latter part of November, came Margaret Suydam and her only child. Kind hands had helped them across the Sierras, and thus far on their route. Upon reaching the valley of the Sacramento, the oppressive heat brought on a recurrence of unfavorable symptoms in Jamie. A distinguished physician, familiar with the climate of the country, had recommended them to go on to Santa Barbara.

"If," said he, "there is a spot on earth that will restore your boy to health, that is it."

Probably he may have supposed that they had money to carry them to the place by steamer. But it was not so. Upon endeavoring to sell her poor worn-out cattle and wagon, Margaret found that the miserable pittance offered would barely serve to support life for a few days, and was altogether too small for an expensive voyage. She had, therefore, undertaken to go the four hundred miles additional, as she had already the two thousand from Iowa. Slowly had they travelled through the long valleys of San Joaquin, San José and Salinas, through long mountain passes, and still, but with strength well-nigh exhausted, were toiling up the slight rise of road described, within hearing of the murmuring rivulet, and under the shade of madroñas and bay trees.

The boy sat in front of the dust-covered wagon, as his sister had in the Humboldt desert, and also like her, pillows propped up his emaciated frame. The mother walked by the side of the scarcely moving oxen, who, whenever she turned to speak to the boy would instantly stop, and it required much effort to induce them to start again. They reached the turn of the road, crossed the rivulet, and attempted to ascend the hill. With great exertion the cattle dragged the wagon a few steps upward, then stopped, and the wagon drew them backward to the foot of the hill. Two or three times the attempt was made, but always with the same result.

"Mother," said Jamie, "it is impossible to succeed. We may as well give up making the trial."

"Then," returned she, "it only remains to lie down and die."

"Mother," said Jamie, "God has always taken care of us, and he will not leave us now."

But the brave heart that had endured so much could bear no more. In its last descent the wagon had turned, and run partly off the road. She made no attempt to replace it, but silently disconnected the cattle, who immediately lay down upon the road. She assisted her son to alight upon the ground, placed his pillows under the

shade of the dense foliage of a bay tree, and then sat down by his side, hopeless, and without strength.

The great voices of nature only were heard. The wood pigeon softly cooed from the depths of the glen. The cry of the jay from time to time broke startlingly upon the ear. The timid hare rustled the fallen leaves, as he came out from his furrow to gaze upon the unwonted sight; while the voice of the rivulet ceased not its perpetual murmur.

Gradually the scene seemed to diffuse its heavenly calm into the mother's breast, and she was enabled to feel that she could submissively await God's will.

Noon had come and past. Suddenly upon the highway, which the wagon had traversed, was heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs. The sound was first faint and far away; but every moment it grew louder, until the rider came galloping out from behind the trees that hid the road beyond the rivulet, and his horse shied violently from the scene that came in view.

"Gently! gently! Caballo! old horse!" said the unshaken rider. He was a man of perhaps thirty-five years of age; tall, stately and commanding in aspect. His countenance was mild yet firm. He was one of those men whom nature forms to decide the destinies of nations, to lead armies in the headlong charge, and who are equally fortunate in commanding the confidence and affection of women and children.

With a few coaxing words he reduced his steed, a magnificent black Spanish horse, to subjection, and then drew nigh to the travel-stained group under the bay tree.

"I perceive by the trail," said he, "that your steers were not able to draw your wagon up the hill. Has the man with you gone for help?"

"We have no man with us," said Jamie.

"You look, my young friend, as if times had gone hardly with you!" returned the stranger. "I, myself, have a little skill in medicine, although not a licensed physician. Will you let me see if I cannot prescribe for you?"

Saying this, he alighted from his horse, and came to the side of the lad lying upon his pillows. He asked a few intelligent questions that made him master of the boy's symptoms. Then turning to Margaret, he said:

"I have known worse cases restored in this remarkable climate. You have travelled, I see, from far."

"From Iowa," replied Jamie. "Dr. B., of Sacramento, advised us to go to Santa Barbara."

"Excellent advice," said the stranger, "and yet it is hardly prudent to be upon the road so late in the season. I am daily expecting the rains to commence. A month ago there was not a particle of water in this rivulet, yet how freely it flows now. The dew last night, too, was very heavy, and both indicate storms in this climate. Exposure even to one might be very injurious to you, my young friend!"

"Mother is doing all she can for me," said the boy. "She has come all the way across the plains to try to make me well. And I know that when I see the great sea I shall get well. Father died before we came from home. My little sister died in the desert, and mother and I buried her. I feel sure that we shall not be parted. We have nobody but each other and God in the world."

"And God," said the stranger, reverently lifting his hat from his head, and looking up to the sapphire sky, that seemed far away between the setting of mountains. "God will take you into his holy keeping! But why do you speak of the sea? Do you think it can cure you?"

"My son has often heard me speak of the ocean," said Margaret, "near which my parents used to live. He has never seen it, and thinks that, when we reach Santa Barbara, the sea air will restore him to health."

"Well!" said the gentleman, looking at his watch, "it is now one o'clock. The sun will set a little before five. Yes! I think by sundown if we are successful you will look upon the sea, and as you do, I hope it may cure you."

Then turning to Margaret he added: "My mother lives about seven or eight miles from here. You had better come to our house to-night. I will ride home, procure a fresh team and return as soon as I can, to help you out of this difficulty. Of course I may be subject to a little delay, but I think I shall be able to be back in two or three hours. On this road where you are you are liable to be disturbed by bad people, so I think we had better drive a few hundred yards up this other road, which is the way to my ranch."

Jamie was then carefully helped to his seat in the wagon by the stranger. He then attached the oxen to the vehicle, and turning to Margaret:

"Now, madam!" said he, "if you will please to take a seat by your boy, I will drive the team."

"But your horse?" said she.

"Oh, I can lead him, too," he replied, smiling.

The oxen at once recognised the hand of authority. With a rapidity that they had not manifested for weeks, they promptly obeyed the commands of the driver; and turning into the road that led by the banks of the rivulet, walked along under the deep shadows of the forest. In about half a mile they came to an opening in the wood, where were a few acres of grass land, and where also was the source of the stream. Beyond the road ascended the steep mountain.

"Your cattle," said the gentleman, "could never draw your wagon over this mountain. I will now leave you for the present. In about two hours you may expect me back."

Then having loosened the oxen from the wagon, having first driven into the shade, he mounted his horse, ascended the mountain at speed, and presently was lost to sight in the turnings of the road.

"Don't you think that God sent him for our help?" said Jamie.

"I hope so!" was the reply.

"Oh, mother," he said, "that before sundown

I should look upon the sea! Do you think it is so near?"

"I did not suppose it was. But, probably, this is the Coast Range, and when we cross over to the other side we may be able to discern the ocean?"

"Oh! I do so hope we shall," said Jamie, and then he began to repeat the words of Barry Cornwall's famous song:

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round,  
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies."

Two hours passed, and the short day of autumn was palpably drawing towards its close. The great sun, wheeling towards the west, seemed already to touch the mountain top.

"Ah!" said Jamie, with a sigh, "I am afraid it will be too late for to-day."

But while the words were on his lips, from up the road came the sound of the clattering and scrambling of a descending team. A moment more and they came in sight, with a person driving; while upon horseback, at his side, rode the gentleman who had promised to relieve them. And now he has reached the emigrants.

"Do you think we shall be in time?" cried Jamie.

"Yes, I do!" said the gentleman; "and meantime here is an excellent remedy for fever. You can eat freely, they will not hurt you, and they will refresh you, madam, very much."

So saying, he took from his arm a basket covered with broad, fresh leaves. These being removed, beneath appeared immense clusters of superb purple grapes.

The fresh team, composed of four powerful Devon oxen, their deep red hair brilliant and glossy as silk, were now attached to the wagon.

"If you please," said the gentleman, "we will just chain your steers to the back of your wagon, passing the chain under the axle forward, and we shall take them up the mountain whether they like it or not. My man here is an excellent driver, and I will ride by your side to see that you are all safe."

In a moment more the arrangements were completed, and with unwonted speed Margaret and Jamie are hurried up the steep mountain road. The sun soon sank out of sight, but his light still shone on all the summits round about.

An hour elapsed as they travel on; then the ascent ceases, the woods open. A moment more and they stand upon the summit of the mountain. The road turns abruptly to the left. In front is a precipitous descent a thousand feet in fall. At its foot is a mile or two of plain. But beyond it, reaching out to the almost illimitable horizon, extends the mighty Pacific Ocean. It lays like an immense bed of burnished silver, its waves from the elevation either being lost to sight or only flashing little sparkles of splendor. Above the ocean was the nearly setting sun, all surrounded with gold and purple, and marking the pathway, from the eye to where it was going down, with a dazzling line of amber light.

The wagon stopped at a signal from the gentleman, but no word was spoken. Silently all gazed upon that great magnificence of sea and sky. The sun went down behind the waves. A moment more and a great flash of ruby glory fell upon the deep, the mountains and the group upon the summit.

"Oh, mother!" cried Jamie, "the blush of God's love!"

What electric spark was there in the words to awaken memory? Who can say?

With the same thought the gentleman now alighted, and standing by the side of the wagon and the poor, dusty, haggard, sun-darkened woman within, looked at each other.

They beheld, oh! how different a scene from the present. The woman saw far back in memory, herself a child, a noble youth, companion of her childhood, going forth from New York in a stately ship for a distant land, and she, with sobs, waving him farewell.

He, the man, saw also in distant memory, a beautiful girl that bade him good-bye as he sailed away from the home of his boyhood, and to whom, while he strove to hide his tears, he said:

"When I come back you shall be my little wife."

What is the enchantment that can connect yonder memories with the present moment? The woman arose, trembling, from her seat, threw back her bonnet, and came to the side of the gentleman. Steadily he gazed upon her. His eye seemed to pierce the crust of poverty, the stains of travel, the haggard countenance; or, rather, did the countenance itself change? Was it the sunfush that gave the glossy ripple to the soft, brown hair? Whence the lustre flushing in the eye, the carnation that in soft currents flowed to the lip and the cheek?

Like lightning the scales fell from their eyes. Each uttered a name—"Philip Venner!"—"Maggie Doremus!" and impulsively he clasped her in his great strong arms, and wept.

"They are coming. We hear the wheels grate on the gravel in the lawn. Bring lights to the verandah! Is the bathtub taken into the room prepared for the sick boy?"

The speaker was an aged woman. Her snow-white hair lay in slender folds beneath the fringe of her widow's cap. A black silk shawl covered her shoulders, relieved by a delicate white collar at the neck. Her countenance was still handsome, and her appearance noble and impressive.

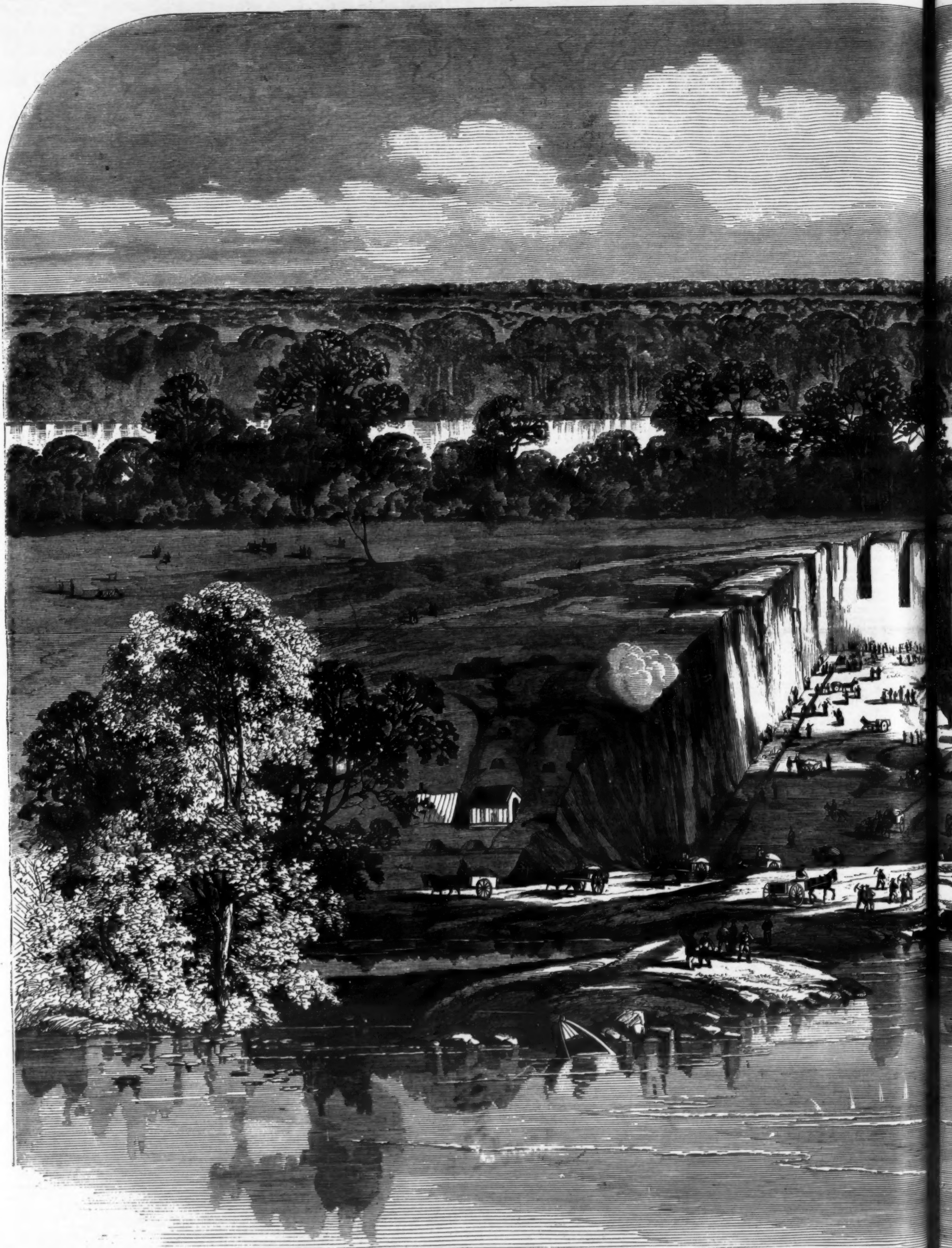
"Here we are, mother!" cried a manly voice at the door. "Who do you think we have found?"

"Old friends and true friends,  
Ne'er talk to me of new friends!"

"I hope, in meeting them, you have not forgotten the sick boy you spoke to me about? Though, to be sure, you would not be thoughtless in such a case."

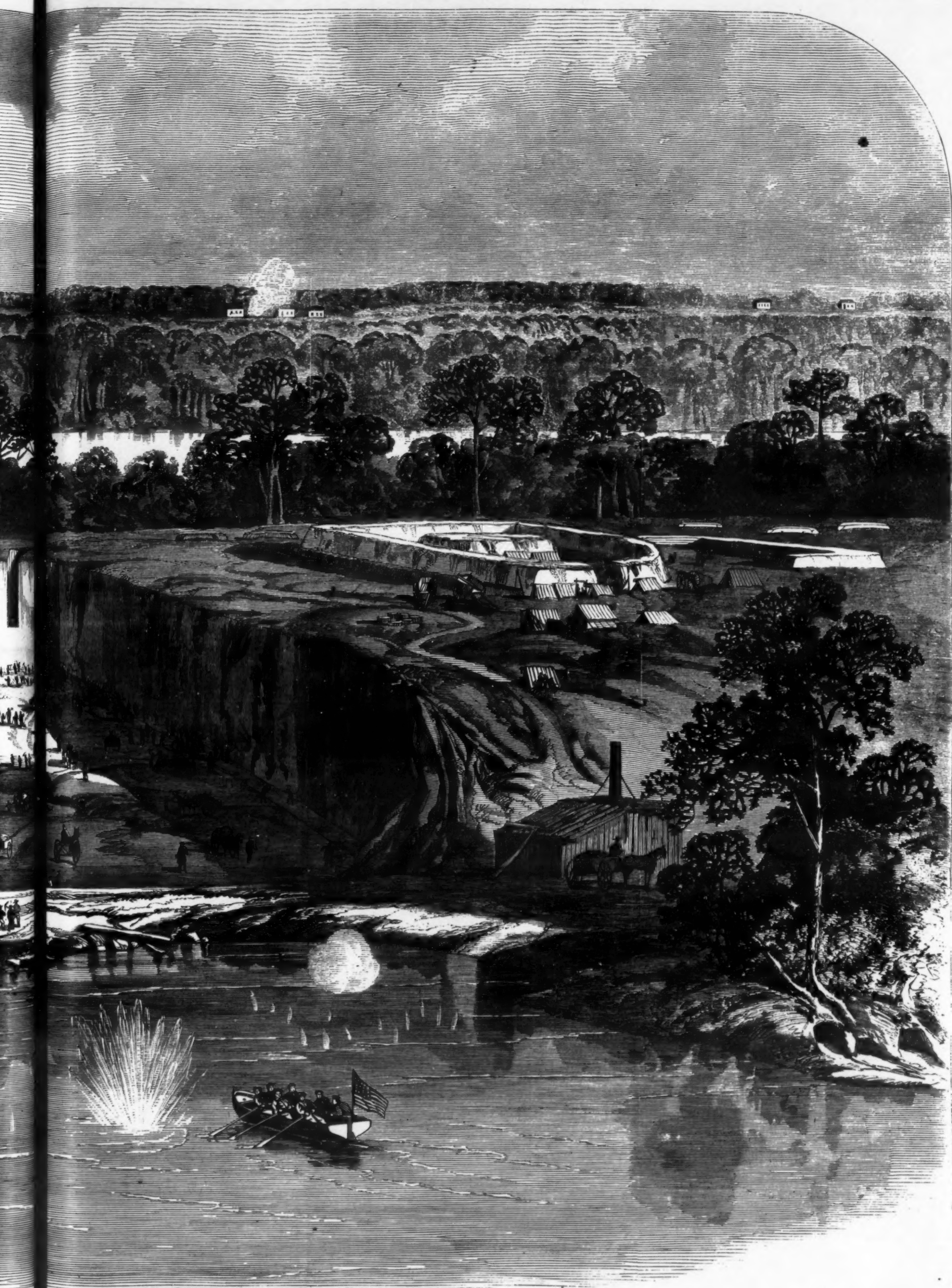
(Continued on page 138.)





THE ADVANCE AGAINST RICHMOND—PROGRESS OF WORK ON DUTCH GAP CANAL, IN MAJOR-GEN. BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT





PARTIAL VIEW OF THE PENINSULA, TO AVOID REBEL OBSTRUCTIONS AND SHORTEN THE ROUTE OF OUR GUNBOATS TO RICHMOND.



## CHECKERED LIFE.

(Concluded from page 135.)

"No, indeed; not in this case. Why, mother, this is Maggie Doremus, who used to call you mother, come all the way from Iowa, to find health for her boy!"

"What Maggie! My daughter, my daughter! This is a delight indeed! Come to my arms, my darling, my darling! I saw in the papers that notice of your husband's death last winter. I am so glad that you thought of us and have come home here."

"No, my other mother," said Maggie, "I did not know that you lived here, but God brought us on the way."

"But where is your boy? Oh, here; Philip is bringing him in. Welcome here, my dear boy! Let me take you in my arms. We are so glad to have you at home. Now, Philip, take him to the west room; he can see the ocean there in the morning, and it will put him in mind of New York. Come, Maggie, the bathroom is all ready."

Four grateful hearts that night reposed beneath the stately roof of the Rancho de Santa Teresa.

## CONCLUSION.

A FEW days since I had occasion to take the railroad from San Francisco to San José. In the car in which I happened to be was a family group that greatly impressed me; a lady of great personal beauty and unusual refinement of manner, a manly boy of four years old, a most exquisite little girl of two, and an infant in the arms of its nurse.

I whispered to a friend at my side: "Who is that lovely woman yonder?"

"Not to know her proves yourself unknown," replied my friend.

"Very likely," said I; "but that don't answer my question."

"She is the spirit that presides over the Sanitary and Christian Commissions."

"Everybody that can be solicited for funds has heard of them; but I never heard that they had such a spirit of light."

"Well, of course, being a spirit, she acts invisibly, but not the less really."

"Whose daughter is she? Are those her brothers and sisters?"

"Don't fall in love with her—she is engaged. Those are her children."

"—it is impossible!"

"Don't swear in the cars. You are from New York, and she is a famous Excalibur, but for all that she will resent any bad language in her hearing. Don't you know Phil Venner?"

"What, of the Holy Theresa? Certainly I do."

"Well, that is his wife."

"But I heard he had got a wife who drove an ox team over the mountains."

"That is just what that woman did."

"You do not know who I refer to," said I. "I mean that lady on the third seat from you corner, with the sheet of piano-music in her hand."

"That's the lady," said my friend. "An educated and accomplished lady. She plays the piano exquisitely, sings like an angel, speaks French and Spanish, has faced down the fiercest Indians in search of prey, will go through fire and water to save a friend in trouble, can shoot a rifle like a Kentucky hunter; in short, is California grafted on New York."

"San José!" said the conductor.

As I stepped out on the platform the first person I saw was Phil Venner.

"Hello, Dick!" said he. "Is my wife aboard?"

"All right," I replied; "that is, if your wife is the handsomest lady in California."

(We were old cronies.)

"That's she," said he. "Come in; I will introduce you. I want you to come to the ranch this fall."

When we re-entered the cars the lady was warmly kissing a stout boy of twelve years old.

"And how is grandma, Jamie?" said she.

"Very well, and wanting to see you and the children very much."

"So, Jamie, you got the start of me," said Phil.

The lady arose and held out her arms. Well, never mind description, except that I should have liked to have been in his place.

"Are the Commissions working right?" said Venner. Have you succeeded in getting the photographs to suit? Of course you have not forgotten the FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED?"

"Why don't you ask about the baby?" said Maggie, slightly pouting.

"As if I did not know that you would have telegraphed to me if she had coughed twice! But, come, the carriage is ready," replied Phil.

A large, roomy travelling-barouche, four splendid bays, an Indian boy mounted on a chestnut horse, and holding by the bridle reins a fiery pinto or dappled steed for Jamie.

"Don't forget us, Dick!" cried Venner, and the carriage rolled away.

"Well," said I, aloud, "so elegant a lady deserves just such an elegant outfit. But for all that, I can see that her best quality is—that she is a real woman."

"She is an angel, sir!" fiercely said a one-armed soldier standing near me.

"My friend," replied I, "such a woman is better than any angel on earth."

THE PEOPLE CAN'T BE JEALOUS, FOR JEALOUSY IS NEVER POPULAR.

## THE CRY OF THE HEART.

FROM the great depths of the divine despair And utter desolation of my soul, Which, having searched for solace everywhere In vain, beholds at last the billows roll, Destined to whelm it into endless night, I raise my voice, as on my couch I lie In blackest gloom, and cry with all my might: "Give me some one to love, or let me die!"

Long have I wandered, e'en from childhood's years, Bearing the burden of a weary heart, Which craved for one to share its smiles and tears, Hopes, joys and raptures, agonies and fears. And oftentimes, when I've seen the day depart In golden splendors, I have fainting sank On earth in sweet delirium, like to one Who has of some divine old vintage drank So deeply, that the skies around him reeled, And, crazed with beauty, suddenly revealed Unveiled, in all the blinding blaze of light, His soul has seen and shivered at the sight, So have I given a bewildered sigh, And murmured, as my senses swam away Beneath the intolerable weight of day, "Give me some heart to rest on ere I die!"

The vision and the phantasy divine Floats into night, as die the dreams of wine, Leaving a pitiless vulture gnawing where A seraph couched, all jubilant and fair; And as the day crawled, with its leaden gray, Over the hills, where erst the sunset lay, Like a grand vision on Earth's golden breast, In the sweet languor of a bridal rest, I woke to all life's dreariness, and felt As one who slides from some delicious trance Into a world of tortuous utterance, In which life hangs upon one stifled cry. And then I wandered through the loathsome hours Till darkness grasped once more the haggard sky, And in the anguish of my soul I sigh: "Give me some heart to weep on ere I die!"

Oh, must I perish with this wealth of love, This hidden mine of untold tenderness? Take my unblest mortal joys above, And to the Hereafter sacrifice the Less? Must I lay down my woman's craving heart And turn, untasting, from Love's cup, which seems Held only to my lips in those fond dreams Which are of my existence its best part? Or must I raise to God the frenzied cry: "Give me some heart to love me, or I die!"

Often, in thought, I bring you to my side, And frame a happy picture: We both stand Before the sacred altar, I the bride, And you, the loved one, placing on my hand The golden symbol of eternity. Then on my lips you stamp the bridal kiss, While I, dissolving into tears with bliss, Fall in your arms, and in my rapture sigh, "This is life's crowning joy, now let me—let me die!"

Now on the earth I stand, with half-raised wing, Waiting the coming of that glorious day, When every mortal thing shall pass away, And the great Future on the hilltops spring, As Heaven's grand sunrise floods eternal space, And Love shall stand with God then face to face; But ere that come, day creeps on day, until My wearied bones the sacred coffin fill. Blest hour! when I shall draw my latest breath, And, since I cannot dream on thy sweet breast, Find calm and solace, silence and dear rest In the cold arms of grim embracing Death?

## NINA MARSH;

OR,

## THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—DRUNK AS A LORD.

FROM Beechwood Manor Colonel St. George drove straight to Rendlesham Court. So far his triumph had been rather a poor one, but he promised himself a full compensation for past mortifications in Lord Gillingham's discomfiture. He knew that every one at Beechwood despised him more or less, but he was going now where villainy was always respected, if it were only successful. Lord Gillingham might rave and storm, but it was certain that inwardly he would acknowledge his cousin's supremacy and venerate his superior cunning. Lord Gillingham never thought anything of a man until he had cheated or over-reached him. He had only the devil to cheat afterwards, as his lordship frankly avowed. The earl's compliments were very rare and very brutal, but some-how people liked them. It might have been because he was a peer and could squander his fifty thousand pounds a-year if he felt so inclined. His steward felt very proud on that day when his master called him into the library, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said, familiarly:

"I say, Smith, you're a clever fellow. You cheated me famously in that business of Robinson's. Who got the most by renewing that lease, you or I, eh?"

"My lord—" began Smith, humble and tremulous for the minute, but my lord interrupted him.

"Don't apologise, Smith; I like you all the better for it, and I give you full permission to cheat me again—if you can. You may keep twenty pounds of Robinson's money and put the rest to my account. Good morning, Mr. Smith, and ask the butler for a glass of wine as you go out."

But Mr. Smith did not seem to care for any wine just then. He went home moralising deeply, and he was sure that in all his future dealings with the earl he took care to display as much honesty as zeal.

Only, though Mr. Smith was resolved not to merit any more compliments of a like kind, from the

day when his master had called him a clever fellow and touched his plebeian shoulder with his aristocratic hand, Mr. Smith's conceit became a burden to his neighbors and a source of diurnal aggravation to his wife; so that, as this lady herself had said, once when she was so exasperated that she felt as if she must burst if she didn't speak out, "It actually seemed as if my lord's slap had made a lord of plain John Smith." But then Mrs. Smith knew nothing about that little affair of the lease, you may be sure, and, therefore, was not so competent to judge of cause as she was of effect.

When Colonel St. George entered the drawing-room at Rendlesham Court he found his relative in the act of mixing his third glass of brandy punch, and he had an opportunity of noticing, if interested in such things, what a remarkably small quantity of the pure element was needed for the concoction. Lord Gillingham nodded towards a chair, ordered in another tumbler, and then sliced his lemon deliberately and dropped the pieces separately into the glass. He seemed so much absorbed in his occupation that St. George would not interrupt him. He went to the fire, which the cold spring night made very pleasant, stretched his legs out in front of the blaze, and showed every sign of being exceedingly comfortable.

Lord Gillingham watched him with an evil eye. He was in one of his darkest moods to-night—a mood when he drank hard, resolutely and deliberately, but, somehow, never got helplessly intoxicated, only more bitter and cruel every minute. These nights were a sad trial for the butler, worse by far than on those occasions when the earl drank with the intention of getting drunk, and, after sitting steadily to his purpose for an hour, rolled under the table, and was carried off, dumb and obtuse, and put to bed like a child. The man was grateful enough for Colonel St. George's arrival. A certain class of evils conduce terribly to selfishness. Barnes could almost have embraced the colonel's feet as he walked innocently into the wild beast's den, whilst the old bear showed its teeth in an evil grin that Barnes knew the meaning of well enough, if the other did not. But Barnes was mistaken here. Colonel St. George understood his master's moods as well as he did, only, instead of fearing, he rather enjoyed them. But then, he had advantages poor Barnes had not. He could return insult for insult, sneer for sneer; whereas poor Barnes, who had a wife and family dependent on his one hundred pounds a-year and perquisites, could only be mute and bow humbly to his lordship's fiercest imprecations. So that he was truly glad to feel that Colonel St. George would get his share, and he could go and prepare the valet to receive his flag-end with resignation. He brought the tumbler ordered, lifting it off his silver tray with the greatest caution, and then glided noiselessly away and shut the door with a sigh of heartfelt relief.

Then the battle began.

"I didn't expect to see you," said his lordship, with no doubtful emphasis on his words.

"No, I dare say not," answered the other, smiling; "but you know I never advertise my visits. The idea takes me, and down I come, sure of a welcome and brandy punch."

His lordship touched the empty tumbler with a little growl that was meant for an invitation, after its kind.

"Presently, my lord, thank you," added St. George, who seemed to be in the sweetest of tempers. "Your cognac is excellent, as I know by experience, but it is too strong not to be a little heating, and I like to keep my head cool and my feet warm."

He drew his chair a little closer to the fire as he finished speaking, and his eye dwelt rather meaningfully on the earl's hot, inflamed face, and then met smilingly his searching glance.

"I'll emulate your forbearance," replied his lordship, pushing the steaming liquor to the other end of the table. "I'll see if I can't preach moderation as well as you."

"It's rather late in the evening to begin," said the colonel, with provoking tranquillity. "It is very difficult to preach unless you are in practice. There is an epigram for your lordship, none the worse for being unintentional. But I feel inclined to follow your example of inconsistency, and change my mind about the punch. It is only the abuse of these things which injures us, not the use, and I believe I can trust myself to take enough without taking too much."

He came to the table, mixed himself a full glass, but not a strong one, and took it back to the fireplace with him, where he sipped it tranquilly and with evident enjoyment.

The earl was unusually patient for him. He knew that his cousin's visit had a motive, and was the effect of his telegram that moment, and he found himself wondering what was coming with a certain curiosity that was pleasant and stimulating from its very rarity. In spite of this coolness which Colonel St. George prided himself on so greatly, the earl was conscious that he meant to have it understood he was taking an important step, and was waiting to be questioned thereon. But he determined not to question him. The earl had his moments of dignity, and, besides, had just drunk enough to be obstinate and watchful; he was therefore a better match for his cool cousin than on ordinary occasions, or in his rare moments of perfect sobriety. His natural keenness was rather sharpened than deadened, and he was anxiously on the alert to parry any blow that might be aimed at him.

Colonel St. George was rather pleased to find the earl in this mood. He was sure of his victory in the end, but the sharper the contest was the better he should relish it. There was poor glory in beating a drunken man; but his lordship, with his wife about him, was a worthy foe, and knew how to die game. But he did object to his lordship's effort at dignity. It was rather awkward to open on his subject without encouragement. He would rather have had it extorted from him by degrees, and arrive at his grand triumph at his

leisure; but since the earl chose to be so taciturn he must begin hostilities himself. He had not the advantage of the choice of a position. His first strokes were necessarily a little deadened by this disadvantage.

"Well, my lord, I received your telegram," he began.

"I never said you hadn't," growled the earl.

"I was rather astonished at the intelligence it contained."

"Ah! you were, were you?"

He took care not to say that his boast from being premature had now become fallacious. It was very bitter for him to have received this rejection, but St. George should not hear of it from his lips until the revenge he contemplated was so close that he could at first proclaim his discomfiture, and then immediately speak of his triumph. The best of men feel a little sore, either in their heart or their pride, when they have been refused by the woman they had expected to win; and the earl's dismissal had been made more than ever bitter to him by Nina's defiance and scorn, and the thought of his cousin's satisfaction. To do the earl justice, there was some real pain mingling with worse feelings. He had loved Nina after a manner; his love was neither endurable nor of good quality, but it was the best he had to offer. And born to a coronet, rendered dissolute and despotic by indulgence and impunity, the earl had always considered himself one of those lucky creatures who have only to ask to receive. When he experienced a rebuff under circumstances so stinging, the first thought to such a nature as his was revenge. But lest anything should mar this prospect, and put Colonel St. George beforehand with him in certain negotiations he meant to open on the morrow, he determined to keep the secret of his defeat from his cousin as long as possible. He started, therefore, apprehensively when Colonel St. George said with studied carelessness:

"I have just returned from Beechwood Manor."

"Oh, indeed!" was all the earl could say; and he said that very badly, for his cousin felt that he had made up for the first disadvantages of his position, and was sure of the effect of his next blow.

"I saw Nina, and she not only distinctly denies any engagement with you, but she also promises to make me happy this day month."

"I don't suppose she distinctly denied having given me every encouragement, did she?" inquired his lordship, roughly.

"To tell the truth, I never inquired. I was so absorbed in my happiness, I suppose. But if she did trifle with your affections, my lord, it was only natural. A beautiful woman is always a coquette, and will do as much damage as she can before she gets her wings clipped by marriage. But I will guarantee her future good behaviour."

"I tell you what, St. George, d—n you!" exclaimed the earl, white with rage, "you shall have a hot nest with your dove, if I can learn to kindle a fire. I know where to find the matches, and there's plenty of fuel. You wait; I'll bring such a blaze about your heads, that when you come out of the fire, if you ever do come out, you shall be glad to hide yourself in the kennel with my dogs, to escape the hootings and revellings of your fellow-men. You shall have a pleasant honeymoon, I promise you! You've heard me talk, but you've never seen what I could do; and now I will give you such a specimen of my powers as shall rather astonish you. This day month the wedding is to be, you say. Well, we'll see. Perhaps it will have to be put off; perhaps I'll let you get married first, and have my revenge afterwards; but you may be sure—you know me by this time—that I will have as sure and deadly a vengeance as ever man had, and that you shall have more than one happy day, if so much, with the bride you have won from me."

"I can afford to laugh at your lordship's threats," said St. George, with a shadow of repressed uneasiness in his tone and manner. "I know that men, when they have been disappointed in love, are apt to fly into heroics. If Nina had rejected me, it is very probable that I should have given your lordship a whole volume of angry eloquence, and mouthed my threats and curses almost as valiantly as yourself; but the fortunate lover can afford to pardon something from the unfortunate ditto; and so I tell you compassionately that I will look over your little exaggerations, and allow you the credit of philosophy and resignation before the world. Be as indulgent to me if ever you surprise me in a weak moment, and I shall feel amply rewarded for my virtuous forbearance."

The colonel spoke as if he were soothing a perverse and irritable child instead of facing an enraged man, and his tone of indulgent superiority exasperated the earl more and more. He trembled with rage. His bleared eyes were in a red flame. He tried to command himself, but he could only sink down, struggling, in his chair. St. George turned away his head involuntarily. This dumb wrath was eminently repulsive. He looked at the fire, he moralised on the evils of indulged passions, he sipped his brandy-and-water, then feeling his extremities rather cold than otherwise, he warmed them. This little operation turned his reverie in a new direction. His boots fitted admirably, and Colonel St. George had a remarkably aristocratic foot. He admired it pensively, turning it from side to side, and wondering vaguely what could ever have induced men to adopt a style of dress so conspicuously disadvantageous to any superiority of this kind. "The foot is lost and disgraced in these lapping nether integuments," was his last comment; and he was just lifting these same nether integuments for the full display of his instep and slim ankle when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning suddenly, saw Lord Gillingham standing close at his side with two pistols in his hand.

"Choose, be quick," he said in a low, hoarse voice; "for by Heaven, sir, one of us two shall not leave this room alive!"



Colonel St. George put the weapons aside quietly but resolutely.

"No, my lord," he said; "nothing shall induce me to fight with you to-night. Your hand is not steady; you have drunk a good deal altogether. I should not like your butler and the people about you to be able to say that I took advantage of your present state, and in reality murdered you; for you know as well as possible that if we fought now I should be sure to kill you, my lord. You must remember that I am your heir, and may be supposed to wish to get rid of you. At any rate, so the world will think; and I do not just care to lay myself open to such suspicions, or run the risk of ending my days on the gallows. You have my answer. Now, if you take my advice, you will put those pistols away, and challenge me to fight with brandy punch instead. Under those circumstances I will abjure my principles for once, and meet you on your own ground."

"Thank you, St. George," said the earl, coolly, although his face was still deadly white, and the weapons rattled together in his tremulous hands; "I am much obliged to you for your advice, and I'll follow the best part of it. I was a fool to think of fighting, when I can get my revenge without risk by waiting a little, and have it surer and more effectual into the bargain. No, sir, we will score our accounts on some early day. You have had your triumph, and can afford to be magnanimous; I shall be magnanimous too, I dare say, when I have had my triumph. There is nothing so softens a man's heart as success."

"I always thought it hardened it, on the contrary. I used to be told so when I was a boy."

"But you found out the falseness of the argument when you became a man, I presume?"

"Well, I haven't considered the matter before your lordship's remark suggested it to me, and I am hardly prepared to give an opinion on such short notice. I will reflect on the subject, and tell you my conclusions to-morrow. In the meantime, good-night."

"No, no," said his lordship, brutally; "I take my oath you shan't go out of this room sober, if you go out whole. Remember your bargain. I will have satisfaction of some kind. Fill your glass, fill it high, and fill it often."

"If I must, I must," answered the other, approaching the table with a philosophical air. And so the battle began. But St. George was saved the full penalty of his rash promise. Just as the earl was beginning his third glass, he glared at his cousin with red, distended eyes, and muttered almost incoherently:

"See about to-morrow—glorious—revenge."

And slid off his chair and fell under the table.

But *L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.* That to-morrow on which the drunkard had counted in the midst of his drunkenness was passed in black visions and terrible revivings. The earl had had a second attack of *delirium tremens*, and it needed the strength of five strong men to prevent him from dashing out his brains against the walls of his room.

## WAIFS OF THE WIT OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

In the outside world of brazen brows there is no impudence like the impudence of what men will call religion.

A wild republican said, profanely, that Louis Blanc was next to our Saviour. "On which side?" Jerrold asked.

Married happiness is a glass ball; folks play with it during the honeymoon, till falling, it is shivered to pieces; and the rest of life is a wrangle about who broke it.

Every impostor rewarded is a worthy poor man wronged. We do not respect the philanthropy that has its especial pets, yet those pets abound.

An eccentric party, of which Jerrold was one, agreed to have a supper of sheep's heads. One gentleman present was particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish; and as he threw down his knife and fork exclaimed, "Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!" Jerrold—"There's egotism!"

At a club of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite and a friend, as fierce, of the cause of William III., were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table and roared at his adversary, "I tell you what it is, sir; I spit upon your King William!" The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be out-mastered by mere lungs. He rose and roared back to the Jacobite: "And I, sir, spit upon your James II." Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rang the bell, and shouted, "Waiter, spittons for two!"

When Jerrold was living at Boulogne, he caught rheumatism in the eyes. He was attended by a coarse, brutal French doctor, who blistered him severely, to no purpose. Jerrold was in a dark room for several weeks, under the ineffectual treatment of this unpleasant practitioner. One day the doctor was dressing the blister roughly, when he retired, saying: "Ce n'est rien—ce n'est rien!" said the doctor. Presently, some hot water was brought in for the doctor's hands. The doctor dipped his fingers into the basin, but withdrew them rapidly, with a loud exclamation. The water was nearly boiling. Jerrold could not resist the opportunity, till as he was, for a retort, and soothingly addressed the scalded man with "Ce n'est rien—ce n'est rien!"

A gentleman of a somewhat ardent temperament paid great attention to his pretty servant in the absence of his wife. The good wife, before leaving London, had made a store of pickles and preserves, that were to adorn her table till the following year. But the husband, taking time vigorously by the forelock, shared the sweets of the year with the temporary object of his affections. When the wife returned the pickle-jars were empty. "Conceive his baseness, my dear," said the injured wife to a female friend, "he not only destroyed my peace of mind, but, with a depravity that makes one shudder, he actually ate all my pickles." In the following spring Jerrold met the husband and wife in Covent Garden market, walking together. Pointing to a tray of young walnuts, Jerrold quietly asked, "Going to do anything this year?"

**THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**—The assets of this company are nearly \$2,000,000. Organized in 1850, with a capital of \$1,000,000, it has steadily progressed to its present monetary importance; and its new building in Broadway, between Liberty street and Maiden lane, now being completed, is one of the handsomest in the city. Its receipts last year were more than \$750,000. The policies of the company are incontestable after five years for any errors, omissions or misstatements in the application, except as to age, and the directors have a personal pecuniary interest in the judicious management of its affairs.

## THE LAMP.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

'Twas written—"Absence conquers Love!"  
Forsooth, fond fools, go weep!  
A blindfold vigil well may prove  
A weary thing to keep!

But Friendship is an Anchorite,  
Whose ever wakeful eye  
Turns, hope illumined, toward the light,  
And marks the days go by.

And Friendship's vestal lamp will burn  
Within its lonely lane,  
Till its fair Priestess shall return  
To give it oil again!

But ah! should she, for other shrines,  
Forget the distant spark;  
The lonely lamp no longer shines—  
The silent flame grows dark!

Not Absence, then, nor verge of space,  
Alone, dims Friendship's glow;  
But, Silence, with averted face,  
May let the lamp burn low.

## HOWLETT'S BATTERY.

A SKETCH, derived from a rebel source, appears on page 193 of this paper, representing the battery which annoys our gunboats on the James river, and retards our laborers on the Dutch Gap Canal. This rebel work is situated on the upper side of the James, in almost a Northerly direction from Dutch Gap. The illustration, representing it, is very spirited; and this, together with our picture and map of the canal itself, will enable the reader to comprehend, at a glance, both the character of the enterprise and the peril under which it is prosecuted. Our sketch represents the gunners at work. In the distance are seen the obstructions which defend the river at the end of Farrar's Island. Dutch Gap, which is more to the left, does not appear in the picture. Its position is, however, sufficiently indicated by the direction of the guns and shells.

## BATTLE OF HATCHER'S CREEK. Hancock's 3d Corps flanking the Rebel Works at Armstrong's Mill.

STEP by step Gen. Grant is closing upon the rebel army. The last movement in that direction was made on the 27th October, on the south side of the James, when, at 3 o'clock in the morning, Gen. Hancock, with the 3d and 3d divisions of his corps, moved along the Vaughan road, running south-west, and after crossing Hatcher's creek, found the rebels entrenched in newly made works. Gen. Hancock at once charged them on the flank, and drove them out just beyond Armstrong's mill.

Our sketch represents this brilliant achievement. Gen. Grant, in his telegram to the Secretary of War, dated City Point, Oct. 29, 9 P. M., says:

"I have just returned from the crossing of the Boydton plank-road and Hatcher's creek. Our line now extends from its former left to Armstrong's mill, thence by the south bank of Hatcher's creek to the point above named."

"At every point the enemy was found entrenched, and his works manned. No attack was made during the day further than to drive pickets and cavalry inside of the main works. Our casualties have been light, probably less than 300. The same is probably true with the enemy."

## HART'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.

TILL within the last four years all we have known of the practical part of war has been from books. Our idea of the life of a soldier belongs entirely to the bygone heroic, rather than to this common-place epoch. The every day notion seems to be that, like Minerva, a soldier springs ready armed and equipped, and disciplined for battle. The processes through which he passes are unknown to the million.

Our readers will, however, perceive, from the series we present in this number, some of the stages which convert a raw recruit into the trained soldier. The genius of our institutions will always prevent our citizens from degenerating into those mere machines which monarchical subjects invariably become, but still the natural effect of training shows itself, and the result is that a disciplined American soldier is the most invincible one in the world.

Hart's Island was a barren and desolate spot some few months ago—deserted alike of inhabitants, trees and buildings. It is situated about 12 miles from New York, in the bend of the East river, at the entrance to Long Island Sound. It is now one of the busiest and most thickly populated spots in our State. All the machinery necessary to make a first-rate soldier is there, and, while there are undoubtedly many cases of individual oppression, it is generally conceded that it is as well and humanely managed as any institution of the kind can be.

## Departure of Recruits.

The moment a recruit goes on board the John Rorer steamer, which takes him from the Battery to his drilling ground, he parts with his personal freedom—he delegates to others his volition. He is no longer free to act as he wishes. And what a motley assemblage a parcel of recruits represents. Every variety of the human race is there. The drunken loafer, henceforth to be broken of his intemperance and his indolence—the disappointed man, who has enlisted in a moment of half-despondent indignation and despair—the angry man, who has done so from domestic trouble—the destitute, whom misery has driven into the great net. These, however, are more the exceptions than the rule.

The brilliant fighting qualities of our men sufficiently prove that the greater part of our armies is composed of noble and patriotic men, whom the love of the Union has called to fill their ranks.

It is curious to observe how, at first, the sharp word of command, as it issues from the officer's mouth, seems to jar upon the nature of the recruit. It takes some time to make him amenable to reason, and to obey with alacrity the word of command.

## Arrival at Hart's Island.

One of the first steps taken on the recruit's arrival is to make him perform various ablutions and transmutations, so as to give him a look more like a part of a great machine than an individual. He is registered, and, as it were, endowed—and docketed—ready for detailing into this or that regiment when sufficiently drilled.

Many of the recruits declare that, in a short time, they feel a great calm in being relieved from the daily cares of life. The haunting uncertainty of being obliged to think how they are to live, from day to day, is removed, and a contented security succeeds to what before cost them many a sleepless hour. The effect of regular meals and abstinence from stimulants soon be-

comes apparent, and the body acquires a healthy, vigorous tone to which it had long been a stranger. It is a very curious study to note the different characters of the men as they develop themselves in their daily intercourse. The quarrelsome become less so, the talkative husband and the vivacious and mercurial acquire a staidier behavior.

## Interior of the Barracks.

The first thought that struck us when we entered the barracks was, that they were stable. The berths had a regularity which put us in mind of stalls, and the men seemed transformed into a species of horses. We heard, as by instinct, one continued chorus of snores, something half way between a lengthened grunt and an organ.

It must be confessed that the barracks are very commodious, and are well ventilated now—although at first many complaints were made. But perfection is of slow growth, and the barracks and home were not built in one day.

## The Officers in Command.

It would be difficult to select better officers than those now occupying the most important posts on the island. General Hincks, the chief, is a gallant and experienced soldier, and is only just recovering from wounds received on the 16th June before Petersburg, where, at the head of his colored brigade, he carried the first line of works. He has the reputation of being a very exact disciplinarian, a quality which pre-eminently fits him for his position. He is most ably supported by Captains Shannon and Chase, whose habits of dispatch, courtesy and order are invaluable. Captain Shannon is much mistaken, if every true soldier, as well as good citizen, does not appreciate the self-denial and continuous labors of those officers who are compelled to remain at home to "organize victory." The valor of our officers in the field would be of little avail but for the labors of such men as Shannon and Chase and Enen. Their attention to the comfort and health of the men have earned for them the respect of even those whom they are occasionally compelled to deny and punish.

## Reading-Rooms and Concert-Room.

At the south end of the island there is a very neat building, which contains a library, two good-sized rooms, one for the officers and the other for the men, and a very spacious concert-room, which will also be used for Masonic purposes.

A series of concerts will be commenced on the 14th Nov., in which the vocalists will be selected from the soldiers, the regimental band being the orchestra. The band is a very fine one, consisting of 20 pieces, the drum-major, Mr. Wiley, having formerly occupied that position in the Hawkins's Zouaves.

In the reading-rooms are to be found all the publications of the day, besides some few foreign magazines and newspapers. The number of books at present is very small; but, of course, when it becomes known, numerous donations cannot fail to come, since all must know that an intelligent soldier is not only the bravest man in the field, but the true conservator of our constitutional liberties.

## New Barracks for Rebel Prisoners.

At the extreme southern end of the island, on a sort of peninsula as it were, there are now being constructed immense barracks for the reception of rebel prisoners. They are calculated to accommodate 5,000 comfortably, but will hold more on a pressing necessity.

Appropos of prisoners, an officer, who has just come from before Richmond on a short furlough, mentions, as a very significant fact, the great change that has come over rebels when brought in as prisoners. Two years ago they were bitter, abusive, vindictive and dogged, full of threats; now they accept the fortune of war with so much good-temper as to be the next thing to satisfaction with their capture.

## The Accommodations.

Hart's Island, which is about one mile in length from north to south, and somewhat less than half a mile in width, affords accommodation for about 3,000 men, although more than 4,000 have been there at the same time on several occasions. Since the end of March last over 50,000 men have been received, trained and dispatched to the seat of war. There are at the present time about 2,000 recruits, who are rapidly being drilled into good soldiers.

## The Officers' Quarters.

These are very pleasant little residences, with a cottage look, eminently vocative of summer—but a woman's clever management can always give life and warmth, and as many of the officers have their families with them, they, no doubt, are what they look, pleasant homes, although somewhat circumscribed in space. The larger house is that allotted to the General commanding, and has been successively occupied by Generals Brown, Jackson, and now by General Hincks.

## Battalion Drill.

At five o'clock every afternoon there is a dress-parade, which is attended by many of the officers, and sometimes by their wives. The band of music is in attendance, and plays at intervals an agreeable mélange of airs both operatic and patriotic. The whole scene is very inspiring.

## Conveyance To and From.

Our space will only allow us a few words more, and these we will give to the transit there and thence. In the first place, you must procure from Gen. Dix's office, 45 Blacker street, a pass to visit the island. This duty devolves upon Lieut. Babcock, a most attentive and courteous officer.

The boat John Rorer, Capt. Brett, is presumed, by a fiction worthy of Dumas, to start from the Battery at half-past nine. The morning we went it did not get away till nearly 11. The fare to the island is 50 cents—pretty good for 21 miles of water-travel. It stays at the island half an hour, and then departs, leaving the visitors no alternative but to take a small tug—the most villainous little tub that ever hissed through the water—to New Rochelle. Columbus never suffered half the inconvenience in discovering America that the passengers do in discovering New Rochelle. Imagine the painful position of a susceptible man, clutched at on every inch of the boat by some young and lovely creature, whose eyes are dimmed with tears shed on parting with her lover on the island, and who is compelled to hold on to the next passenger in a little boat so crowded that its inmates have to stand on deck, packed nearly as closely as figs and sardines.

That it often leads to romantic friendships is certain, since we saw a young and gallant officer of the U. S. Artillery captured twice, once by a fair raider in a blue veil, and finally, without hope of ransom or exchange, by a still lovelier one in a vermilion shawl. With such attractive perils it is perhaps not too much to be charged 50 cents for your share of this aggrum or sardine box. Nor are your troubles over on landing, for you have to take a carriage to the railway station, in such a state of dilapidation that a fifth wheel would be a blessing, so as to be ready to take the place of that wheel which seems always on the point of coming off, and will one of these days. For this ride you are charged only 20 cents, while the handsome and gentlemanly treasurer of the railroad charges you only 55 cents for a ride to 37th street, where you are left alone and unprotected to find your way home. Surely the Government ought to keep the John Rorer till three o'clock in the afternoon, so as to avoid this heavy tax on the mothers, wives and children of the soldiers. Among the redeeming features of the John Rorer are Captain Brett, and his most courteous and liberal steward, Mr. Voorhees. We must not forget to thank Mr. Tyler, the well-known photographer, for his excellent views, some of which we have engraved.

A CRITICAL auditor complained that his clergyman "preached politics," in a certain sermon. On being asked to point out the political bearing of the discourse, he replied:

"Didn't he say 'Pomp of the forest,' and isn't that nigger in the woods, I'd like to know?"

## NEW SETTLEMENT OF VINELAND.

THIS is a most remarkable enterprise in the way of colonization. Its features are entirely original. The settlement of a new country has been reduced to a system. It embraces several important features. No land is sold, except for actual settlement, within one year. This stipulation embraces the planting of shade trees in front of each place, seeding the sides of the road to grass for ornament as well as use, the introduction of fruit and garden culture upon an extensive scale, a complete system of education for the young, and religious privileges for the people.

The development of the general prosperity, the manufactures, the arts and industry of the place are also secured by the policy of the founder. This tract of country consists of 45 square miles of land, upon the railroad between Philadelphia and Cape May, 35 miles south of Philadelphia, giving it an excellent market and climate. The well-known agricultural editor of the New York Tribune, Solon Robinson, as well as fruit-growers and farmers that have settled thereabouts, have pronounced the soil to be of a superior quality. It now produces large crops for market. It is all owned by Charles K. Landis. He started this enterprise in the spring of 1862, and already the settlement embraces a population of from 4,000 to 6,000, with a capacity for 15,000.

Mr. Landis has opened 80 miles of new roads and streets, which are lined with buildings, orchards, vineyards and gardens. School-houses, churches and academies have already been erected. A thriving town has been built in the centre of the tract, wherein manufactures are already prospering. The buildings in the place are of a beautiful description. Many of the settlers are wealthy people from the various New England cities, New Bedford, Hartford, Providence, Boston, Bangor, and others. They go there for the purpose of having homes in a mild and genial climate, where they can cultivate the land according to their tastes. It is the resort also of many invalids, on account of its wholesome air. 200 vineyards have been planted, and this peculiar culture, combined with gardening, is one of the most beautiful and ornamental features. One feature is especially original, namely, the absence of groggeries. No intoxicating liquors are allowed to be sold. Many properties have improved in value 200 per cent. in one year. No land or town lot whatever is sold on speculation.

By a late legislative act a large district of land in Cumberland county has been set off, making Vineland a separate township, and placing it under the general regulations, and, in honor of the founder, giving it the name of Landis township.

## THE LAST HOURS OF PRINCE ALBERT.

THERE has reached us from abroad a most interesting extract from a letter which was written by a member of the Queen's household shortly after the death of Prince Albert. The extremely confidential position which the writer held at the time not only gives the assurance of perfect reliability, but invests the following lines with a very special interest. After describing the grief and fears of the whole household for the Queen, the writer speaks of the personal loss sustained in the death of Prince Albert:

The last Sunday he passed on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, whilst the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky and the clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favorite hymns and chorales. After she had played sometime, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said:

"Were you asleep, dear papa?"

"Oh, no," he answered; "only I have such sweet thoughts."

During his illness, his hands were often folded in prayer; and, when he did not speak, his serene face showed that the "happy thoughts" were with him to the end. The Princess Alice's fortitude has amazed us all. She saw from the first that both her father and mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to the duty.

He loved to speak openly of his condition, and had many wishes to express. He loved to hear hymns and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of himself, for she could not bear to listen, and shut her eyes to the danger. His daughter saw that she must act differently, and she never let her voice falter, or shed a single tear in his presence. She sat by him; listened to all he said; repeated hymns; and then when she could bear it no longer, would walk calmly to the door, and then rush away to her room, returning soon with the same calm and pale face without any appearance of the agitation she had gone through.

I have had several interviews with the poor Queen since. The first time she said:

"You can feel for me, for you have gone through this trial."

Another time she said how strange it seemed, when she looked back, to see how much for the last six months the Prince's mind had dwelt upon death and the future state; their conversation had so often turned upon these subjects, and they had read together a book called "Heaven or Home," which had interested him very much. He once said to her:

"We don't know in what state we shall meet again; but that we shall recognize each other and be together in eternity I am perfectly certain."

It seemed as if it had been intended to prepare her mind and comfort her—though, of course, it did not strike her then. She said she was a wonder to herself, and she was sure it was in answer to the prayers of her people that she was so sustained. She feared it would not last, and that times of agony were before her. She said:

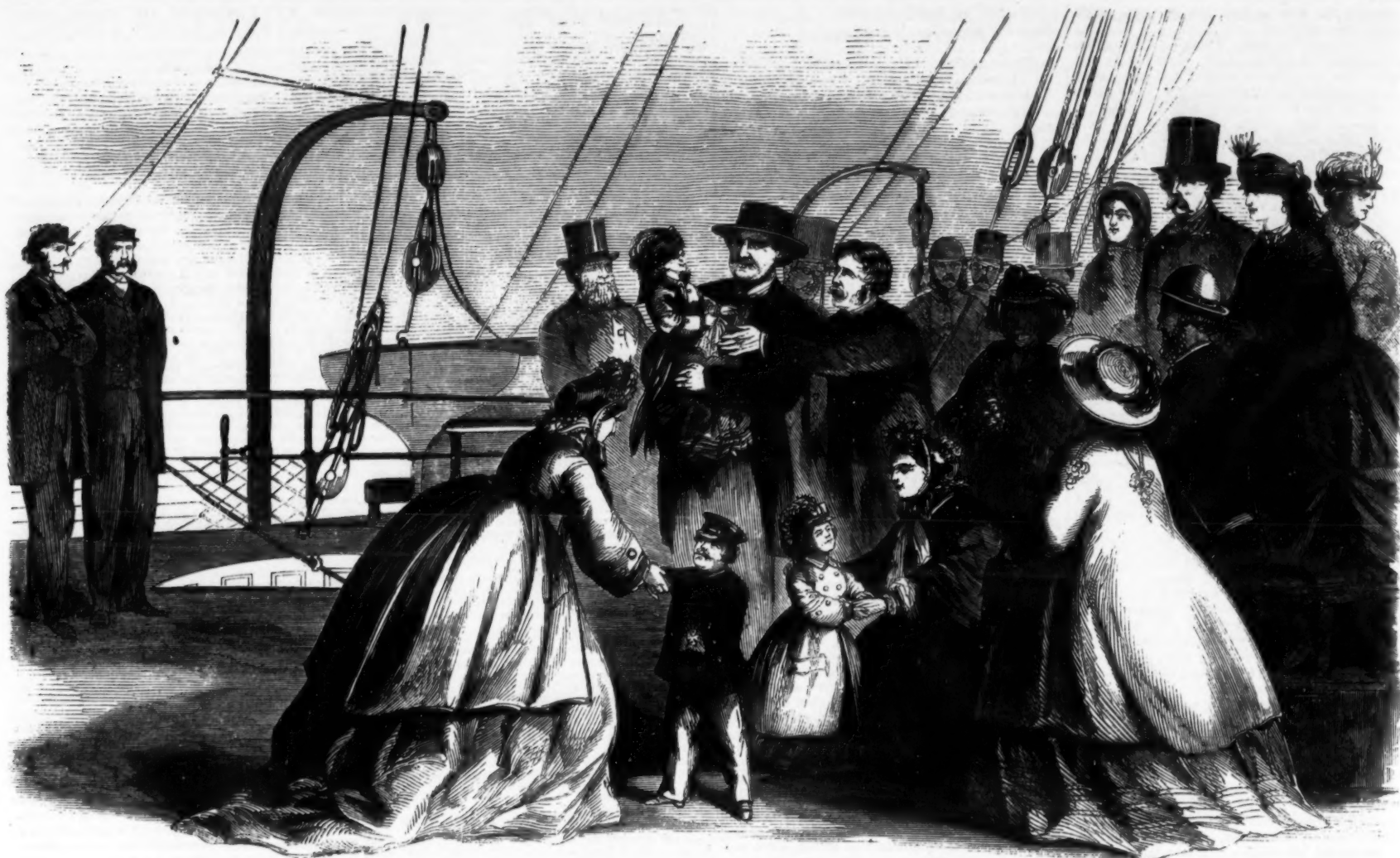
"There's not the bitterness in this trial that I felt when I lost my mother—I was so rebellious then; but now I can see the mercy and love that are mixed in my trial."

Her whole thought now is to walk worthy of him, and her greatest comfort to think that his spirit is always near her, and knows all that she is doing.

THE ablest political economist of modern times is John Stuart Mill. This is what he says as to the American civil war: "There is no knowledge to what point of degradation a country may be driven in a desperate state of its affairs; but if the North ever, unless on the brink of actual ruin, makes peace with the South, giving up the original cause of quarrel, the Freedom of the Territories; if it resigns to them, out of the Union, that power of evil which it would not grant to retain them in the Union—it will incur the pity and disdain of posterity."

THE NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEER INSTITUTE was established some 15 months ago by Mrs. F. Lowellyn Young, at Suspension Bridge, Niagara county, N. Y., for the purpose of furnishing a home and education to the destitute sons of dead or disabled soldiers. So great has been the demand upon its funds that a fresh supply is absolutely needed; and to raise this the managers have resolved to ask the public for 50,000 subscriptions of \$2 each. Each subscriber will receive the full value of his money in a fine large steel plate portrait of either President Lincoln, Gen. Grant, or any one of the Corps Commanders, together with a certificate, representing a share in a land company near New York. The distribution will take place on Washington's birthday, February 22, on the plan of the *Art Journal*. Communications and remittances should be addressed to Capt. H. R. Randall, Treasurer, P. O. Box 4,363, New York city.





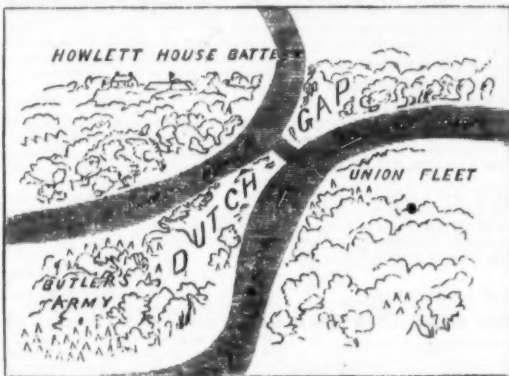
DEPARTURE OF GEN. TOM THUMB, HIS WIFE AND MINNIE WARREN FOR ENGLAND—SCENE ON THE QUARTERDECK OF THE STEAMER CITY OF WASHINGTON, AT NEW YORK, OCT. 29.

#### DEPARTURE OF MR. AND MRS. TOM THUMB And Miss Minnie Warren.

The steamer City of Washington sailed from this port on Saturday, Oct. 29, at noon, bearing away among her passengers Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Stratton, better known as Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, accompanied by the latter's sister, Miss Minnie Warren. May the little General, and his wee wife and sister (who, if the truth were known, are veritable Queens of the Fairies,) meet, on the shores of the Old World, that warm welcome which is due to three of the greatest—and smallest—marvels of mankind!

This is not the first time that the General has visited the "tight little island" of Queen Victoria, and the cordial greeting with which he was received by his Transatlantic friends and admirers on a former occasion is the best surety that he will be hospitably welcomed now, especially as he carries with him the additional recommendation of a "better half" and their charming little child. "As the husband is, the wife is," says England's laureate, Tennyson; and if Tom be famous, therefore, Lavinia will share his renown. We congratulate each upon the reflected greatness derived from the other. May they have a safe passage across the Atlantic, and may only favorable breezes ruffle the mighty waters which bear upon their bosom the good ship City of Washington!

The scene upon the quarterdeck of that steamer, just prior to her departure, is depicted in the sketch on this page. It was full of interest and animation. Numerous spectators were in attendance, and the little General and his wife and sister were heartily applauded. They also received every attention from passengers on board the steamer and friends assembled to see them off. Many gentlemen saluted Mrs. Lavinia and



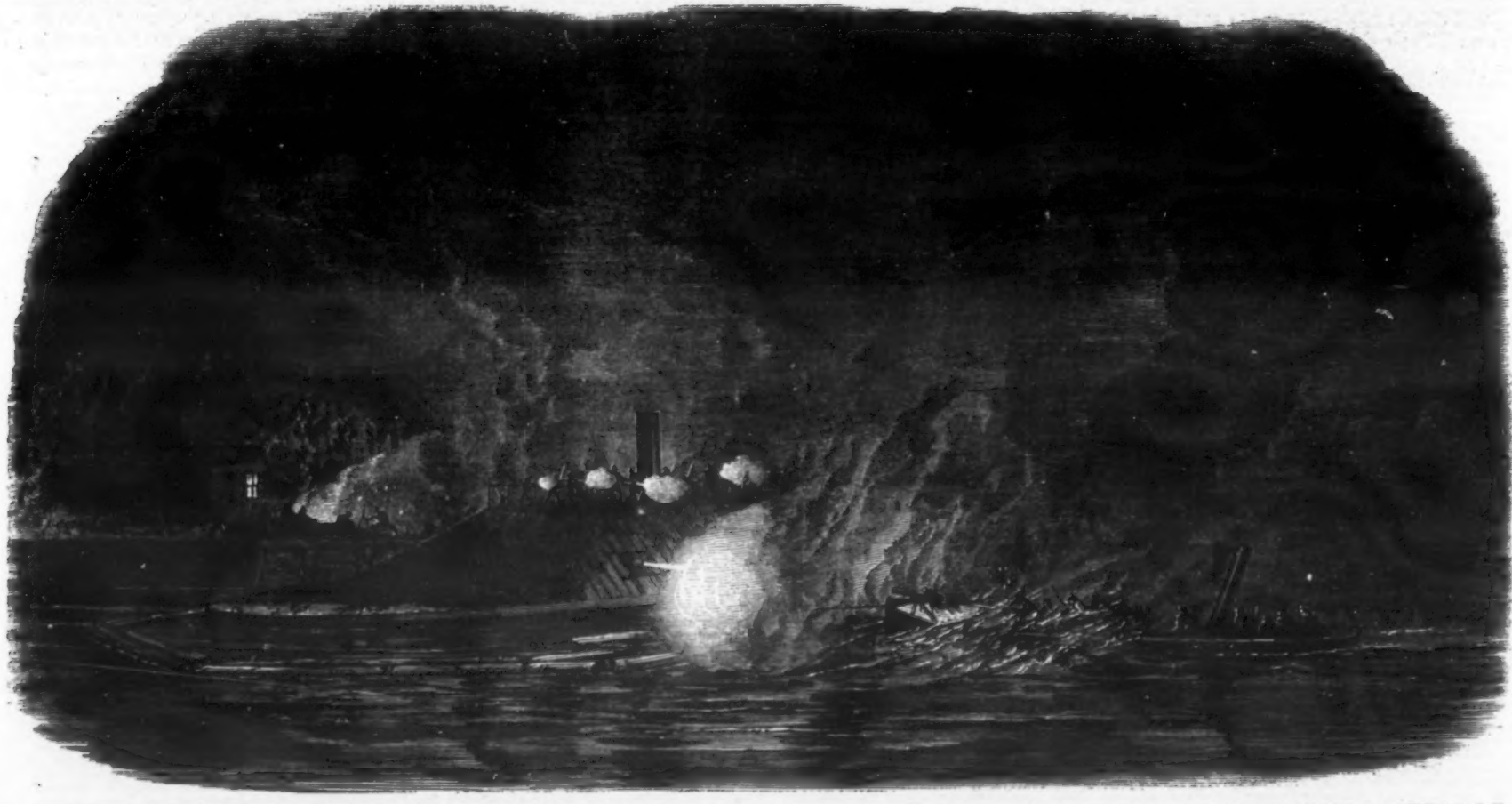
MAP OF DUTCH GAP CANAL.

little Minnie, the latter of whom was held up to view by an old friend, whose likeness in our sketch will readily be recognised by all who are familiar with the public men of New York. Many ladies bestowed a

similar attention upon Mr. Tom. And so, amid the ringing of bells and the waving of handkerchiefs, and all the bustle incident to the sailing of a steamship for foreign parts, the family of Thumb sailed away from these shores. They go on a tour of pleasure in Europe, and not for purposes of exhibition; and they anticipate much pleasure in several years of travel. The General, who is now a rich man, living at ease, contemplates, among other pleasures, that of taking new Masonic degrees. He is already a Knight Templar of Freemasons.

#### THE DUTCH GAP CANAL.

This magnificent enterprise, the result at once of mechanical genius, military skill, and energetic labor, is steadily progressing towards completion. We give it the place of prominence in our paper this week, and also present, on this page, an explanatory map of the work. The object of the canal is to shorten the route of our gunboats to Richmond, and so enable them to co-operate with the army in the final attack on that long-resisting city. The canal is cut through an isthmus, called Dutch Gap, which connects, with the North bank of the James river, a peninsula, known as Farrar's island. The nomenclature is slightly Hibernian—but that is no fault of ours. The isthmus of Dutch Gap is 300 yards wide, and 80 feet high on the western side, sloping towards the east. The canal is to cut it across, diagonally, and will thus be about 200 yards long. Passing through the canal, our fleet will save a distance of seven miles, and avoid the rebel obstructions, with which the river is thickly filled, at the end of the peninsula. They will also escape the fire from rebel batteries in that neighborhood. The work was begun



A BRILLIANT NAVAL EXPLOIT—DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM ALBEMARLE, IN ROANOKE RIVER, ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 27, BY A TORPEDO BOAT, UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. WILLIAM B. CUSHING, U. S. N.





DEPARTURE OF RECRUITS FROM THE BATTERY, N. Y., FOR HART'S ISLAND.



ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS AT HART'S ISLAND.

In August last, and is now nearly finished. Our Artist has sketched a birdseye view of the canal and its surroundings. In the foreground is the trench, in which our men are at work. Beyond is the northern arm of the James river. In the distance is Howlett's Battery, from which the rebels pepper us with frequent shells. The work, of course, proceeds in the centre of the canal, the ends of which are left standing, to be mined at last and blown out. When finished, the canal at Dutch Gap will rank among the most remarkable achievements of science in modern warfare.

### THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALBEMARLE.

The brilliant and daring exploit of Lieut. William B. Cushing, which resulted in the destruction of the rebel ram, Albemarle, is illustrated on page 140. The Albemarle has long been the terror of the inland waters of North Carolina. She was a powerful ram, and was wont to cruise in Albemarle and Pamlico sounds; and, for several months past, she has held at bay no less than 10 of our war vessels, large and small. On a former occasion, in the course of a fight with the Miami, a shot rebounded from the iron side of the rebel monster, and killed Capt. Charles W. Flusser, the Miami's commander. Capt. Flusser was the intimate and dear friend of Lieut. Cushing, who has now bravely and nobly avenged the slaughter of his old comrade.

On the night of October 27th, acting under orders from Rear-Admiral Porter, commanding the North At-



INTERIOR OF BARRACKS.—SEE PAGE 139.

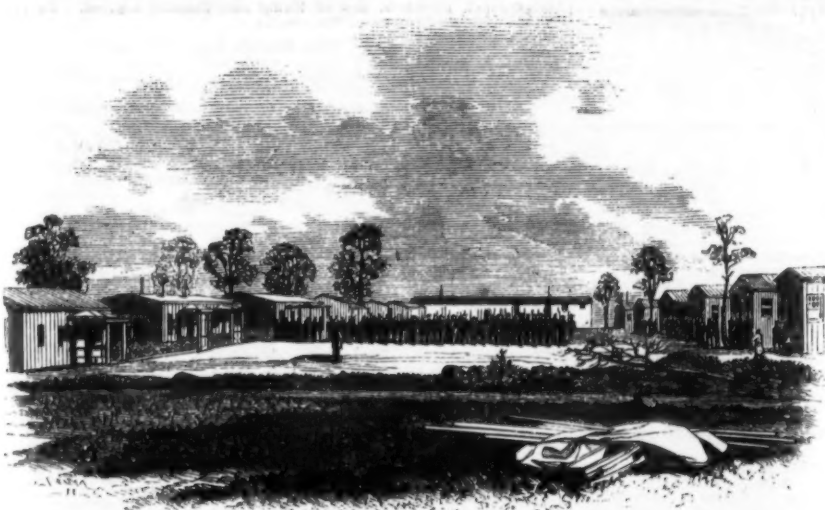
Meanwhile Lieut. Cushing and his companions had taken to the water, leaving the torpedo to do its work, which it presently did, in the most effective manner. Victory, however, was not bought without its usual price. Most of our party were captured, and several were drowned. Their brave commander escaped, and that through much hardship and peril.

Swimming across the Roanoke, he crawled out of the water at daylight, and took refuge in a swamp, not far from a rebel fort. There, lying concealed, close to a pathway, he overheard the conversation of passing rebels, and thus became aware that the Albemarle had indeed been destroyed.

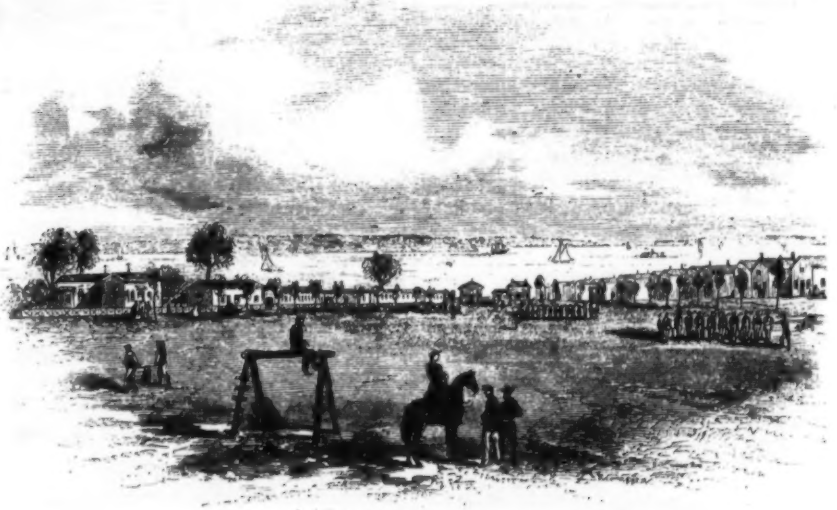
After resting awhile he continued his flight through the swamps, till, by-and-by, he came to a creek, in which he found a skiff belonging to a rebel picket. Embarking in this, he made his way to the U. S. Valley City, which he reached about 11 o'clock on the night of the 28th.

In his published report of this adventure, Lieut. Cushing speaks with warmest praise of the bravery of his companions, especially commending William N. Howeth, Acting-Master's Mate of the Monticello, engineer Stolsburg, and William Hoffman, seaman of the Chicopee. The latter was the only man of the party, except Lieut. Cushing, who escaped by swimming. "He did his duty well," says his commander, "and he deserves a medal of honor."

The destruction of the Albemarle is a great relief to our blockading squadron. She was more than a match for any of our light draught monitors. In general features she is said to have resembled the Merrimac and the Tennessee, though she was much stronger



BATTALION DRILL ON PARADE GROUND.



QUARTERS FOR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

lantic squadron, Lieut. Cushing embarked on board a steam launch, with a crew of 13, officers and men, and proceeded towards Plymouth, in search of the Albemarle, designing to destroy her by means of a torpedo. Plymouth lies on the south shore of the Roanoke river, about eight miles from its mouth; and here the Albemarle was moored.

Both sides of the river—which averages 200 yards in width—were guarded by rebel pickets. Moreover, the stream itself was obstructed. But neither pickets nor

obstructions stayed the advance of Lieut. Cushing. Favored by the darkness, he succeeded in eluding observation, till his launch was actually bearing down upon the rebel ram. The latter, secure and unsuspecting, was lying at a wharf, at Plymouth, protected for, about 30 feet, by surrounding logs.

As soon as the rebels perceived the approach of their daring enemy, they sprung rattles, rang bells, commenced firing and shouting, and made a racket generally. Lieut. Cushing replied with a dose of canister.

Then, finding no gap in the protection of logs around the monster, he made a circuit with his launch, and, with a full head of steam, hurled her upon the logs and towards the Albemarle, bow on. In this perilous position—amid a storm of bullets, the torpedo boom was lowered, and, by a vigorous pull, Lieut. Cushing succeeded in diving the torpedo, which exploded, just as a heavy shot from the Albemarle stove his launch. The rebels continued firing, and demanded the surrender of our gallant party.

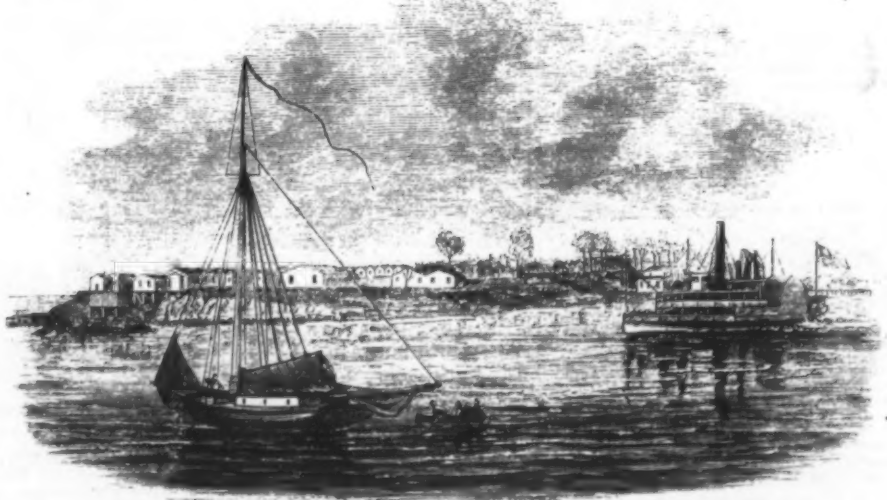
Her iron ribs were 12 inches in thickness, and were backed by solid timber. Her weak point, however, was beneath the water line, and here the torpedo prevailed against her.

Lieut. Cushing has done a signal service to his country, in destroying this rebel pest, and at the same time has earned new laurels of honor, that will not fade. He will doubtless be advanced in rank.

His share of the prize money—at a fair valuation of the Albemarle—will fall but little short of \$50,000. This



GEN. HINKES'S HEADQUARTERS.



VIEW OF HART'S ISLAND.

VIEWS IN CAMP OF RECRUITS AT HART'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, N. Y.



is not the first daring and gallant exploit in which his valor and energy have been conspicuous. Yet he is only 22 years of age.

Since the destruction of the Albemarle our forces have taken Plymouth. Wilmington is to be taken next, which will put a check on blockade-running. In a little while, probably, our forces will hold the entire seaboard of North Carolina.

### Sent everywhere by Mail, Postpaid. 25 Extension Silver-Mounted Holders, WITH COMPOSITE GOLD PENS, REVERSE LEAD PENCILS.

cases of one dozen each; the boxes are finely finished and cloth lined, so that the contents can sustain no injury in transportation. The Holders are of the most handsome and durable construction; are heavily silver-plated, with an extension of three lengths. All are engraved, chased or engine-turned, and for beauty are not surpassed by any others. Our prices for the holders and pens, sold in dozens only, are as follows:

**Size One.**—When open, 5½ inches in length; closed for the pocket, 3 inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, \$10.25; retails at \$2 each.

**Size Two.**—When open, 6 inches in length; closed for the pocket, 3½ inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, \$12; retails at \$3 each.

**Size Three.**—When open, 6½ inches in length; closed for the pocket, 3¾ inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, \$19.25; retails at \$6 and upwards.

**Size Four.**—When open, 7¼ inches in length; closed for the pocket, 4 inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, \$25; retails at \$6 and upwards.

**Size Five.**—When open, 8 inches in length; closed for the pocket, 4½ inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, \$33.50; retails at \$10 and upwards.

**Samples.**—Comprising one dozen of each size, making five dozen—for the whole, by mail, postpaid, \$100; will retail at \$312 and upwards.

Also WATCHES AND JEWELLERY in Great Variety at low prices. Catalogues free by mail. Registered letters at our risk. Address

T. & H. GAUGHAN, Manufacturers,  
116 Broadway, N. Y.

### TWENTY-FOUR CARTES DE VISITE OF FRENCH GRISETTES,

In different attitudes of art.

Enclose \$1.25 and four red stamps.

477-80 CHAS. MARY, 34 Nassau St., N. Y.

### 15 Cents free by Mail. Six useful ar- ticles and an Indian Story. Address

AMERICAN EAGLE BOOK CO.,  
Marietta, Penn.

GOLD, \$2—SILVER, \$1.50. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th,  
9th, 10th, 11th, 12th,  
14th, 18th, 20th, 23d

### ARMY CORPS,

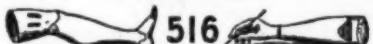
Showing each Division.

BY THE SINGLE ONE,  
100 or 1,000.

Send for Circular.  
Address

DROWNE & MOORE,  
Manufact'g Jewellers,  
208 Broadway, N. Y.

### SELPHO'S PATENT LEG AND ARM, 516 BROADWAY.



The most perfect substitutes for lost limbs ever in-  
vented. BREVETED 25 YEARS. Send for Pamphlet.  
SOLDIERS SUPPLIED FREE by order of the SUR-  
GEON-GENERAL.

### ATTENTION!

100 Photographs of Female Beauties, for 50 cents,  
Rich and Rare. 100 Photographs of Generals, for 50  
cents. Send for orders to

C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Ill.,  
P. O. Drawer 6308.

### DISTILLED DEW.

Imparts to the Skin a natural Whiteness and Clearness,  
and Youthful Softness and Softness unattainable by any  
other means. Sold by all Druggists.

**H. L. P. Roman Ink Powder.**—One  
Quart of 44 Black Ink for only 25 cents. Everybody  
uses it. Soldiers need it. Agents wanted. Samples  
and particulars, postpaid, for 25 cents. Address  
HUNTER & CO., Hindsdale, N. H.  
476-9

### \$10 AGENTS \$10

And Dealers. Something New. Patent Pin Cushion,  
Universal Needle-Threader, Indelible Pencil, Egyptian  
Cement, Pistol Fire, Magic Tobacco Box, Gent's Vest  
Pocket Match Safe, Silver-plated. Send stamp for  
Circular.

B. W. RICE & CO.,  
88 Nassau Street, N. Y.

### The Beard, &c.

In those cases of scanty, retarded growth, where the  
person is over 18, by its peculiar nourishing and  
stimulating power, the Balsam of the Tennessee Swamp  
Shrub has been found to excite the Beard, Moustache,  
&c., to a fine and vigorous growth. (See voluminous  
testimonials.) The history of this Balsam, with a small  
sample box, will be sent sealed, on receipt of return  
postage.

JOHN RAWLINS, 515 Broadway, N. Y.

### FRANK LESLIE'S

### Illustrated Comic Almanac For 1865.

This is the most amusing Almanac ever published,  
being full of comic cuts, astronomical knowledge made  
easy, side-splitting jokes and other facetiae. The illus-  
trations contain hits at every class by the first comic  
artists of both worlds, Bellew, Newman, McLellan,  
John, Leach, Tenniel, Fiske, Howard, Keene, etc.  
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED COMIC ALMANAC contains  
32 pages, comprising an Illustrated Calendar for every  
month, and upwards of 60 humorous engravings.  
Price only 15 cents.

Any of the above sent, Postage Free, on receipt  
of the price.

### GREAT PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

OF  
Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Elegant  
Jewelry and Fancy Goods,  
Worth \$500,000!

T. BENTON & CO Jewellers, 599 Broadway, N. Y.

CERTIFICATES, naming each article of our stock,  
and its value, are placed in SEALED ENVELOPES, and  
well mixed. One of these envelopes will be delivered  
at our office, or sent by mail to any address, without  
regard to choice, on receipt of 20 cents; the article  
named on such certificate will be sent to any address  
for ONE DOLLAR, or it may be exchanged for any  
other article on our list of the same value.

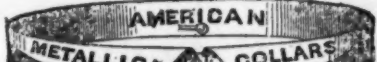
### NO BLANKS!

You MAY get a WATCH or DIAMOND RING for ONE  
DOLLAR, which you do not pay until you know what  
you have drawn.

You MUST get the VALUE of your money.  
Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.  
Six Certificates for \$1; thirteen for \$2.

AGENTS WANTED. Send a stamp for a Circular.  
All letters should be addressed

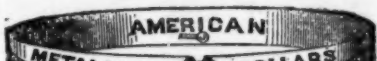
T. BENTON & CO., Box 5567, P. O., New York.



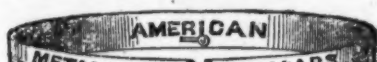
**THE BEST ENAMELLED.** Sent pre-  
paid by mail upon receipt of measure, and \$1 for a  
"Turn Over," or 75 cents for a "Choker."



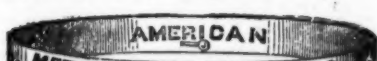
**THE LIGHTEST MADE.** Sent prepaid  
by mail upon receipt of measure, and \$1 for a "Turn  
Over," or 75 cents for a "Choker."



**THEY DO NOT RUST.** Sent prepaid by  
mail upon receipt of measure, and \$1 for a "Turn  
Over," or 75 cents for a "Choker."



**THE MOST PLIABLE.** Sent prepaid  
by mail upon receipt of measure, and \$1 for a "Turn  
Over," or 75 cents for a "Choker."



These collars—an improvement upon the imported  
steel collars—have now been worn for the last two  
years; have met the unqualified approval of the travel-  
ing community, and are fully endorsed by the Army  
and Navy. They are instantly cleaned with a cloth and  
water, always retain their form, and irrespective of their  
convenience are an important desideratum to the  
economist. They are put up in dozens, assorted sizes,  
and all orders from the trade will meet with immediate  
attention at the reduced prices of \$4.50 per dozen for  
"Turn Overs," and \$3.50 per dozen for "Chokers." Single  
ones will be sent prepaid by mail upon receipt of  
measure of neck, and \$1 for a "Turn Over," or 75 cents  
for a "Choker." Address

CHARLES H. WELLING,  
94 Pine Street, New York,  
Agent for American Enamelled Metallic Collar Co.



The Trade supplied at No. 536 Pearl Street, New York.

### L. LYONS'S PURE OHIO CATAWBA BRANDY,

AND  
SPARKLING CATAWBA WINES.

Equal in Quality and Cheaper in Price than the Brandy  
and Wines of the Old World. For Summer Com-  
plaint, Cholera Infantum, Bowel Complaint, Cramp,  
Colic, and Diarrhoea, a sure Cure is guaranteed, or the  
money will be refunded.

In support of the above statements are presented the  
Certificates of Dr. James R. Chilton, Chemist, New  
York; Dr. Hiram Cox, Chemical Inspector, Ohio; Dr.  
James R. Nichols, Chemist, Boston; Dr. N. E.  
Jones, Chemical Inspector, Circleville, Ohio; Prof. C.  
T. Jackson, Chemist, Boston; Dr. Chas. Upham  
Shepard, Charleston, S. C.; and J. V. E. Blaney, and  
G. A. Mariner, Consulting Chemists, Chicago, all of  
whom have analyzed the Catawba Brandy, and com-  
mended it in the highest terms, for medicinal use.

*Analysis of the Massachusetts State Assayer, Jan. 25, 1865.*  
When evaporated through clean linen it left no oil or  
offensive matter. In every respect it is a pure spirituous  
liquor. The Oil which gives to this Brandy its flavor  
and aroma is wholly unlike fusel or grain oil. Its odor  
partakes of both fruit and oil of grapes. With acids, it  
produces ethers of a high fragrance. The substitution of  
this Brandy for Cognac Brandy will do away with the  
manufacture of fictitious spirits, sold under this name  
both at home and abroad. Respectfully,  
A. A. HAYES, M. D., Assayer to State Mass.,  
16 Boylston St.

By the same, in 1864.  
I have analyzed "L. LYONS'S PURE CATAWBA  
BRANDY," with reference to its composition and char-  
acter, being the same as that produced in past years.  
A sample taken from ten casks afforded the same results  
with regard to purity; a slightly increased amount of  
the principle on which its flavor depends was deter-  
mined by comparison with former samples.  
The indications of analysis show that this Brandy is  
produced by the same process as most of the imported  
Brandy. Respectfully,  
A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer,  
Boston, July 20, 1864.

Manufactured only by H. H. Jacob & Co.  
(To whom all orders should be addressed).  
477-8 DEPOT, 91 Liberty St., New York.

### \$7 WATCH

Our Whole Stock of Imported Watches are now offered  
at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.  
An ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold Plated Double Cases  
Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance  
Bridge, English Full Plate Jewelled Movements, adjusted  
Regulator, Spring Box, Spade Hands and Fine Enamelled  
White Dial, a serviceable article in running order, with  
Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's Handsome Vest  
Chain and beautiful Miniature Gold Pocket to match,  
with Double Cases, Box and Glass for Two Likenesses.  
Sent Free by mail to any address for only \$10.

A NEAT SILVER WATCH in Heavy Double Cases, Small  
Size, same as the above, with Key, Case, etc., complete,  
and Gent's Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Pocket, etc.  
Sent Free by mail to any address for only \$7.

### The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and Wonderful Combination of Me-  
chanical Effects, combining within its cases and attached  
to its machinery a beautiful and correct working THER-  
MOMETER, an accurately adjusted Mariner's Compass in  
miniature, sunk in Dial, and a Reliable Calendar, indicat-  
ing day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this  
Watch a perfect STORM, HEAT and TIME INDICATOR.  
The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is en-  
cased in Finely Finished DOUBLE HUNTERS, Maple  
Spring 19 Line Cases (the outer cases being of fine 18  
Carat Gold, inner cases of Solid Gold Composite), Richly  
Engraved top and bottom, with Panel for Name, Turned  
Neri, movable Pendant Row, and Fancy Push Spring.  
Genuine English Improved Jewelled Action, M. J. Tobias  
movements, Polished Cap and Down Self-acting Click,  
Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials,  
Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an Exact Imitation of  
a \$100 watch, and used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and  
Officers of THE BRITISH ARMY. None Genuine unless  
bearing our private trade mark. Price per single one  
all complete by mail, \$20.

CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,  
102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

### GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION! 250,000

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.

WORTH OVER

One Million Dollars!

All to be Sold for One Dollar Each!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR  
UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for \$1 each!

	EACH \$50 to \$150
250 Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	35 " 70
250 Ladies' Gold and Enamelled-case Watches	35 " 70
500 Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches	50 " 100
200 Diamond Rings	15 " 30
2,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 " 6
3,000 " " " " " "	4 " 6
3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000 Chased Gold Bracelets	5 " 10
2,000 Cast-steel Chains and Guard Chains	6 " 20
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
2,000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 " 6
5,000 Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500 Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000 California Diamond Breast Pins	250 " 10
3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	250 " 8
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons	3 " 8
3,000 Gold Thumb-rings, Fing-rings, etc.	4 " 7
10,000 Miniature Lockets	250 " 8
4,000 " " " " " " " " " "	3 " 20
3,000 Gold Tooth-picks, Crosses, etc.	2 " 8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4 " 11
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	4 " 11
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings	250 " 10
10,000 California Diamond Rings	2 " 10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold	5 " 15
6,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Cameo, Pearl, etc.	4 " 15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-hold- ers and Pencils	4 " 8
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders	3 " 8
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders	6 " 10
5,000 Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
3,000 Silver Castors	15 " 50
2,000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	20 " 50
5,000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons	\$10 " 20
5,000 " " " " " " " " " "	20 " 10

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the  
manufacturing districts of England, through the war  
having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of  
Valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the English  
market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and  
MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., act-  
ing as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers,  
have resolved upon a Great Gift Distribution, subject to  
the following regulations:

CERTIFICATES, naming each article and its value, are  
placed in SEALED ENVELOPES and well mixed. One of  
these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on  
receipt of 25 cents.

ALL ARTICLES SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH,  
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE!!

On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you  
are going to have, and then it is at your option to send  
the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may  
thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any  
Set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR, and in  
no case can they get less than One Dollar's worth, as  
there are no blanks. The price of Certificates is as fol-  
lows:

One for	25 cents.
Five for	\$1
Eleven for	2
Thirty for	5
Sixty-five for	10
One hundred for	15

AGENTS will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate  
ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to  
One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Cer-  
tificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or pos-  
tage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,  
167 Broadway, New York.

### THE SOLDIERS NINE FIRE SIDE GAMES

Prepared expressly for the knapsack or haversack.  
By mail, postpaid, for \$1.

MILTON, BRADLEY & CO.,  
Springfield, Mass.

Married or Single Ladies  
May receive important information worth hundreds of  
dollars, by enclosing 10 cents to MRS. DR. McMAIR,  
Hoboken, New Jersey.

### Dr. Talbot's Concentrated Medical PINEAPPLE CIDER,

is a PREVENTIVE OF SICKNESS. The experience that  
Dr. Talbot has had for the last twenty-five years con-  
vinces him that it is time the public had an article offered  
that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr.  
Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all  
classes, old and young. It is not new to the Doctor, but  
is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last  
a well person one year. This is rather a new mode of  
doctoring; nevertheless it will save millions from being  
sick. Is it not better to pay three dollars a year to keep  
from being sick, than to pay ten or twenty dollars in  
doctor's bills, and as much more for the loss of time and  
the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness,  
use as follows: Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pine-  
apple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the  
first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same  
before you retire at night. It will increase the strength  
and give vigor and action to the system. A celebrated  
New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of  
the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he gained  
ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. He  
continues its use as above directed, and finds it very  
beneficial; says it has proved an entire preventive to  
sickness in his case. Also, another well-known gentle-  
man in New York has used the Medicated Cider con-  
stantly or ten years, and has not been sick one day during  
that time.

Price \$3 per bottle (full quart). For sale everywhere.  
Sent free by Express on receipt of price, \$3. All orders  
should be addressed to

B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,  
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

474-499

Arthur's Magazine deservedly enjoys the reputation of  
being one of the best moral literary magazines published in  
America.—Coburg Sentinel, C. W.

### ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The HOME MAGAZINE for 1865 will be enlarged and  
improved, and made still more worthy of the eminent  
favor with which it has been received. Its character as  
a HIGH-TONED PERIODICAL, claiming public favor  
on the ground of real merit, will be carefully main-  
tained; while for variety, interest, usefulness, and all  
the attractions of literature and art essential to a true  
HOME MAGAZINE, the publishers will aim to make it  
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

A new story by T. S. ARTHUR will be commenced in  
the January number.

YEARLY TERMS, IN ADVANCE.—One copy, \$2.50; three  
copies, \$4; five copies, and one to get-up of club,  
\$10; nine copies, and one to get-up of club, \$15.

A beautiful PREMIUM PLATE, entitled "THE  
INFANCY OF SHAKESPEARE," will be mailed to each  
person who sends us a club of subscribers. It will also  
be mailed to each single subscriber from whom we  
receive \$2.50.

For \$4.50 we will send one copy each of HOME  
MAGAZINE and GORDON'S LADY'S BOOK for a year.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,  
477-8 329 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

### Whiskers! Whiskers!

MY OUGHTY will force them to grow on the  
smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given or money  
refunded. Price 50 cents, or 6 packages for \$1, by mail.

Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

### "HOW IT'S DONE"

Or, "The Secret Out," "Gambling Ex-  
posed," "Marked Cards and all other 'Tricks' ex-  
plained," "Fortune-Telling," "The Book of Wonders,"  
"Hunting and Fishing Secrets," "The 'Original Great  
Secret' of a Mountaineer and Whiskers in 42 days." How to  
make Gold, Silver and Diamonds, and 100 other New  
Discoveries never before published. A New Book, hand-  
somely printed and bound. Price only 25 cents; 6 for  
\$1. Circulars for stamp. Agents wanted. Mailed free  
and satisfaction guaranteed.

HUNTER & CO., Publishers,  
Hindsdale, N. H.

### AMERICAN BADGE CO.

REGULATION BADGES  
for the 4th, 9th, 10th,  
14th, 15th, 16th, 19th,  
19th, 20th, 23d

### ARMY CORPS,

In Sterling Silver, with  
Name, Company and Re-  
giment engraved, \$1.50  
each. Fine Gold, \$5, or  
White Metal, by dozen or  
gross. Also Badges for  
every Corps; 80 styles  
constantly on hand. Sil-  
ver Shields, \$1 each. Illustrated Circulars sent free.

R. KEITH & CO.,  
15 John Street, New York.

Dealers in Gold Pens and Cases, Jewellery, Watches, &c.

### The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

Published for the benefit and as a CAUTION TO  
YOUNG MEN and others who suffer from Nervous De-  
bility, Premature Decay of Manhood, etc.; supplying  
at the same time the means of SELF-CURE. By one  
who has cured himself, after undergoing considerable  
quackery. By enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope,  
single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL  
MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings County, N. Y.

### SOMETHING NEW.

The art of Ventriloquism learned in a few hours.  
Full Instructions, etc., sent by mail for 25 cents, or 6  
for \$1. Address BOOKFELLOW & BRACE,  
476-7 Mount Morris, New York.

### TRANSPARENT PLAYING CARDS.

THE BEST THING OUT!  
Can be used the same as any other Cards, and contains  
52

BEAUTIFUL SCENES.  
Enclose \$1.25 and three red stamps for sample pack.  
\$144 per gross, twenty per cent. off. \$12 per dozen.

T. ALLEN,  
477-80 34 Nassau street, New York.

Something New! Samples free for 25  
cents. Every Soldier wants it. Address J. D. FLOCK,  
Box 99, Paulins, New Jersey.



**J. H. WINSLOW & CO.**

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED  
TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT  
LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD  
PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS,  
GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUT-  
TONS, STUDS, ETC.,

**Worth \$500,000!**

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to  
value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are  
to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform  
you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get  
our Circular containing full list and particulars, also  
terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and  
Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,  
208 Broadway, New York.

**Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de  
Visite**, latest importations. Also, New Books and  
Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.  
000 PIERRE BIRON, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

**Do You Want to get Married?**

"Courtship Made Easy." A Book of 100 pages. Illus-  
trated. Treating on "Psychomancy," plainly show-  
ing how either sex can fascinate, win the undying love,  
and marry whoever they wish, irrespective of age or  
personal appearance. Sent by mail for 50 cents and  
two red stamps. Address  
469-75 E. D. LOCKE & CO., Box 1525, Portland, Me

**Beauty.—Hunt's White Liquid Enam-**  
el, prepared by Madame Rachel Leveron, the cele-  
brated Parisian Ladies' Enameler. It whitens the  
skin permanently, giving it a soft, satin-like texture,  
and imparts a freshness and transparency to the com-  
plexion which is quite natural, without injury to the  
skin. It is also warranted to remove Tan, Freckles,  
Pimples, Sunburn, etc. Sent by mail, free from obser-  
vation, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address  
HUNT & CO., PERFORMERS,  
133 South Seventh Street, and 41 South Eighth  
Street, Philadelphia.  
000

**If you want to Know, &c., read  
MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.**

A curious book for curious people, and a good book for  
every one. Price \$1.50. To be had at all News Depots.  
Contents tables mailed free. Address  
DR. E. B. FOOTE,  
No. 1,130 Broadway, N. Y.

**Matrimony.—Why every man should  
marry.** Why every woman should marry. All may  
marry to know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide  
and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M. D., 200 pages.  
Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cts. Address  
12 White Street, New York.

**MATRIMONIAL FAVORS**

BRIDAL SETS, BRIDAL GARNITURES, BRIDES-  
MAIDS' SETS, OSTRICH FEATHERS  
AND PARIS FLOWERS,

At **TUCKER'S, 759 Broadway.**

1  **GOLD**  
2  **PENS**  
AND  
3  **CASES.**

READ THESE PRICES OF A FEW OF OUR STYLES.

A Fine Gold Pen, with Ebony or Silver Plated  
Extension Holder . . . . . \$1.00  
Size No. 2 . . . . . 1.25  
Size No. 3 . . . . . 1.50  
A 14 Carat Pen in Solid Silver, or Ebony Exten-  
sion Holder, Size No. 2 . . . . . 2.75  
Size No. 3 . . . . . 3.00  
A 14 Carat Pen in Gold Plated Telescopic Case . . . . . 3.50  
A 14 Carat Pen in Rubber Reverse Holder, Size  
No. 2 . . . . . 2.50  
Size No. 3 . . . . . 3.00  
And other Styles equally Cheap. A Liberal Discount  
on Large Orders. Send for a Circular.  
R. KEITH & CO.,  
15 John Street, New York.

**\$1 WHISKERS! \$1**

For \$1 I will send sealed, postpaid, the GREY  
COMPOUND, highly perfumed, which I warrant to force  
a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five  
weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain  
or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given or money  
refunded. Descriptive circular mailed free. Address  
E. L. SANFORD,  
Lansingburgh, N. Y.  
471-83

**Wonderful! Strange!**

Full Instructions by which any person can master the  
art of Ventriloquism in a few hours. Satisfaction given  
or money refunded. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Ad-  
dress  
M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

**New Map of Richmond,**

Showing all of the Fortifications Surrounding the Rebel  
Capital, together with a Description of the City and of  
all the Forts, etc. Price only 10 cents per copy; Whole-  
sale 60 cents per dozen, or \$5 per 100.

NEW MAP OF MOBILE. A Splendid Map. Price, 20 cents; Wholesale, \$1.20 per dozen.

MAP OF PETERSBURG, a very desirable Map. Price, 15 cents; Wholesale, \$1 per dozen.

NEW MAP OF ATLANTA. Price, 10 cents; Whole-  
sale, 60 cents per dozen, or \$5 per 100.CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Gen. Grant, Meade, Sher-  
man, Butler, Sheridan, etc. 10 cents each; Wholesale,  
\$6 per 100.NEW POCKET ALBUMS, holding 16 Cards—Very  
Desirable. Price only 75 cents. Goods sent Postpaid.  
Agents Wanted.

G. W. TOMLINSON, Publisher,  
221 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

**Natural and Celestial Magic.** The Art  
of Ventriloquism, &c. Sent by mail for 25 cents. Ad-  
dress R. STRIGHT, West Greenville, Mercer Co., Pa.

**BEAUTY FOR ALL.**

A sure Cure for Weak Eyes, Pimples, Blisters, and all  
imperfections of the Skin and Eyes. Sent postpaid to any  
address upon the receipt of \$1. Agents wanted. Send  
stamp for Circular.

PROF. E. H. DEMMING  
Box 206, Danbury, Conn.

**FURNITURE, FURNITURE**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

**DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,**

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF.)

No. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six stories in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making it  
one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists  
in part of

**ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;**

Mahogany and Walnut, Parlor and Chamber Furniture.

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSB and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock  
ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

**Tucker's New Style Patent Spring Bed,**

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each.  
Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

**Photograph Cards for Gentlemen.**  
Samples and Catalogues sent for 25 cents. Enclose an  
envelope with your own name and address.  
D. HEMMETTE, 68 1/2 Liberty St., N. Y.

**HOSTETTER'S  
CELEBRATED  
STOMACH BITTERS.**

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is es-  
pecially important at this time, when the markets of the  
United States are flooded with the direct poisons, under  
the name of imported liquors, and when domestic com-  
pounds purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less  
pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign  
remedies," that the public should fully understand the  
facts. Be it known then, that while all the diffusive  
stimulants called liquors are impure, and all the Tonics  
containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article  
containing amygdol or fusel oil, a mortal poison; HOSTET-  
TER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain  
none of these things, but are a combination of pure Es-  
sence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable  
stomachic, anti-bilious and aperient herbs and plants,  
and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and  
all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before  
the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-  
day are equal to the combined sales of all the other  
Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certifi-  
cates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by  
individuals of the highest standing in every professional  
calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and  
impurities.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY  
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURG, PA.  
NEW YORK OFFICE, 59 CEDAR STREET.

**"Psychomancy."—How either sex may  
fascinate and gain the love, confidence, affection and  
good will of any person they choose, instantly.** This  
simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing  
constant success in love, marriage, etc., free by mail, for  
25 cents, together with a guide to the unmarried of both  
sexes—an extraordinary book, of great interest. Third  
edition; over 100,000 copies already sold. Address  
T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

**Six Dollars from Fifty Cents.**

Agents come and examine Invention, or Samples sent  
free for 50 cents. Retail for \$5 easily. R. L. WOLCOTT,  
170 Chatham Square, New York. 473-524

**HOWARD'S "IMPROVED"  
SWEAT PROOF****Soldiers' Money Belts.**

Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return  
mail, free of postage, by inclosing \$2.50 or \$3, according  
to the quality desired. Address  
HOWARD BELT CO., 436 Broadway, N. Y.

**Attention, Company!**

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A Powerful Stimulant. Each  
packet warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or  
Moustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face,  
without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using  
this Onguent and finding it not as represented (by in-  
forming me of the fact), can have their money returned  
to them at any time within three months from day of  
purchase. Price \$1. Sent sealed and postpaid to any  
address on receipt of the money. Address  
A. C. CLARK,  
P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

458-83

P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

**BEAUTY'S TALISMAN.**

A dialogue between two young ladies.

CHARLOTTE.

Why, bless me, Eliza, how handsome you're looking!  
How brilliantly fair! and it seems to me too,  
That your forehead expands, while in mine, how pro-  
truding!  
The hair keeps encroaching, whatever I do.

ELIZA.

Indeed, ma belle Charlotte, GOURAUD'S Soap of Beauty.  
This brilliant complexion has left its seal;  
And as to the forehead you praise so, *ecoutez!*  
'Twas defined, as you see, by his famed *Poudre Subtile*.

The shade on my lip so revoltingly mannish,  
As well as the hair that my forehead concealed,  
Was compelled by the same preparation to vanish,  
And now lip and brow are both fairly revealed.  
Then haste to Broadway 453—  
You'll find—

CHARLOTTE.

Dear Eliza, you need say no more,  
I am off, I am off, for I can't rest, by heaven!  
Till I've been to GOURAUD'S, love, and so, *Au revoir*.  
Found at GOURAUD'S New Depot, 453 Broadway.

**TREATISE ON  
ORDNANCE & ARMOR,**

Embracing descriptions, discussions and professional  
opinions concerning the material, fabrication, require-  
ments, capabilities, and endurance of European and  
American guns for naval, coast-artillery, and ironclad war-  
fare, and their  
RIFLING PROJECTILES, and BREECH-LOADING;  
also results of experiments against armor, from official  
records, with an appendix referring to gun-cotton,  
hooped guns, etc., etc.

By A. L. HOLLEY, B. P.

1 vol. 8vo. 550 Pages. 493 Illustrations. Half roan, \$10.  
This day published by  
D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway.  
Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

**Love and Hatred controlled by Dr. Nap-**  
ier's Great Discovery. Send stamp and get Circular  
containing full particulars to D. A. H. NAPIER, No. 8712  
New York Post-Office.

**"How 'Tis Done," or, the Secret Out-**  
Gambling Exposed. "Marked Cards"—"Fortune  
Telling"—"The Book of Wonders"—Whiskers in 42  
days—100 Great Secrets—New Book. No humbug.  
Satisfaction guaranteed. Mailed free for 25 cents.  
Address  
HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.  
477-80

Notwithstanding the increase in price of chemi-  
cals and other materials,

**H. W. BENICZKY,  
PHOTOGRAPHER,**

No. 2 New Chambers Street, N. Y.  
Will take Card Pictures at the OLD PRICE for a short  
time longer,  
\$1.50 PER DOZEN.

Large Photographs \$1 the first—50 cts. additional ones.

Particular attention paid to copying Cards or Ambro-  
types into handsome Colored Photographs and Cards;  
even if the original is faded, it can be copied to a  
perfect picture at a reasonable price.

**PLAYING CARDS!****The American Card Company's  
New Union Playing Cards,  
National Emblems.**

They are the prettiest cards made, and suit the popu-  
lar idea. The suits are Eagles, Shields, Stars and Flags;  
Colonel in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen,  
and Major for Jack.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards  
bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an  
elegant cardcase, and then in Dozen Boxes for the  
Trade.

In order that ALL dealers may have an opportunity to  
sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be  
sent, postpaid, on receipt of \$5. Address  
AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,  
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

472-5

**DR. BRIGGS' GOLDEN O'DOR**

Will force Whiskers or Moustaches to grow thick and  
beautiful in five weeks.

And no Humbug!

TESTIMONIALS OF THOUSANDS.

Do not be humbugged by boys that advertise worthless  
trash called "Onguent."

CAUTION.—Beware of parties copying this advertise-  
ment. I send my Golden O'dor by mail, sealed and post-  
paid, for \$1. Address  
DR. C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Ill., Drawer 6308.

TESTIMONIAL.

Indianapolis, Sept. 14, 1864.

Dr. C. BRIGGS.—Dear Sir—My whiskers are growing  
very fast. I think I will have a heavy pair in about three  
weeks. Yours respectfully,  
471-8 JOHN D. ABBETT, Indianapolis, Ind.

**Shultz' Curlique, for curling the hair.**  
Price 50 cents. Sent sealed, postpaid. Address  
471-83 C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

**The Brazilian Hair Curler.** One appli-  
cation warranted to curl the most straight, stubborn  
hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent,  
postpaid, on receipt of \$1. Address  
S. S. CHASE,  
Cohoes, N. Y.  
471-93

**Royal Havana Lottery.**

100 per cent. premium paid for prizes. Information  
furnished. Highest price paid for Doubletons and all  
kinds of Gold and Silver.

TAYLOR &amp; CO., Bankers.

No. 16 Wall Street, N. Y.



## NO MAGAZINE

Numbers among its contributors such eminent names as those constituting the regular staff of writers for the

## Atlantic Monthly

## The best American Writers

Contribute regularly to its pages. HAWTHORNE, EMERSON, LOWELL, LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, WHITTIER, AGASSIZ, Mrs. STOW, and other distinguished writers are represented in its columns.

A specimen number sent on receipt of 25 cents.

Terms—\$4 a year.

Liberal Reduction to Clubs.

Address

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, Mass.

## THE MEDICAL SPECIALIST.

## Table of Contents:

To Our Readers—The Human Eye—The Sense of Hearing—Deafness Not a Disease—Catarrhal Deafness—Nasal Catarrh—Medical Hydrokonia—Inhalation, who its advocates are—The Use of Pain—Health and Disease—Noble Blood—Extract from a Lecture by Dr. S. Gleeson Pratt, upon the Cause and Consequences of Nasal Catarrh and its treatment by Medical Hydrokonia.

The Medical Specialist is mailed to any address on receipt of the price, 25 cents. Address

476-90

S. GLEESON PRATT, M. D., No. 793 Broadway, New York.

## SOMETHING NEW.

The Patent Army Pocket Pipe and Cigar Holder combined, is decidedly the best Smoking Pipe ever invented. It imparts a rich soothing flavor to the Tobacco; is of elegant appearance and finish; with fine carved Horn Mouthpiece and Cigar Holder. It is easy to carry, easy to clean, and is always ready for a good smoke. Sample dozen sent free on receipt of \$2.50. Address

RICHARDS & CO., 97 William Street, New York.

## FRAGRANT SOZODONT

## For Hardening &amp; Invigorating the Gums.

Cleansing, Beautifying and Preserving the Teeth, Purifying and Sweetening the Breath; the most convenient, efficacious and beneficial article for the Teeth the world has ever seen.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers everywhere—75 cents per bottle.

466-78

HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors, 218 Greenwich St., N. Y.

**KENDALL'S**  
IS composed of extracts from Flowers, Roots and Herbs, for the Beauty and permanent Vigor of the Hair. It prevents hair falling out or turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is a delightful and pleasant dressing.

Also effecting a cure for the most diseases incident to the scalp.

A trial will prove our assertion.

For sale by all Druggists. Price \$1 per case.

WARING & CO., Proprietors, 35 Day Street, N. Y.

466-80

## N. Y. S. VOLUNTEER INSTITUTE.

\$50,000 Worth of Real Estate.

\$50,000 Highly Embellished Steel-Plate Portraits of the President of the United States, Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Gen. McClellan and the Corps Commanders of our Army will be distributed among the subscribers to the N. Y. S. Volunteer Institute, for the education and support of the orphan children of our volunteers, on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, 1865. Every person sending \$2 by mail, addressed to CAPT. H. B. RANDALL, Treasurer, Post-Office Box No. 4262, New York City, will receive any one of these engravings and a certificate of subscription, which will entitle the holder to one share in this property, which will be distributed as stated. For further particulars, send for Circular.

COL. W. H. YOUNG, Pres. C. A. THOMPSON, Sec. CAPT. H. B. RANDALL, Treas.

## A LITTLE PRODIGY.

The beautiful new TEN DOLLAR Patent Sewing Machine; a perfect gem, working like a charm; indispensable to every Family, Milliner, Dressmaker, Seamstress, &c. For sale at McIntosh's Clock Store, 497 Broadway, New York, where the Little Wonder may be seen in operation.

J. P. RICHTER,

General Agent for the State of New York.

## SHERWOOD'S ANTI-DIPHTHERION

CURES DIPHTHERIA AND ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT.

Address **F. B. SHERWOOD,** 116 Fourth Avenue, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

## AGENTS WANTED.

Ladies' "Hammer and Shield" for Hand Sewing, "Bird-work Holder" for the Lap, and 15 more Novelties. Useful and Saleable. Sample 30 cents. For Catalogue and terms, enclose stamp.

RICE & CO., Manufacturers, 37 Park Row, N. Y.

## FOLLAK &amp; SON,

MECHANICAL MANUFACTURERS, 692 Broadway, Near 4th Street, N. Y. Wholesale and Retail. Pipes cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes \$8 to \$100 each.

## ERNST'S PATENT Self-Fastening Steel Collars,

PATENTED AUGUST 30, 1864.

Require no Pins, no Studs, no Elastic Loops, nor any other of the bothersome (and apt to get lost or broken) extra fastenings of other Metallic Collars, but are absolutely self-fastening by means of button-holes so arranged as to firmly clasp the buttons of a shirt while putting the Collar in its place. Samples mailed free on receipt of 75 cents. Address the Patentee, OTTO ERNST, 62 Bowery, New York.

Friends—Send a Stamp for information and my Circulars. Address L. M. HARRIS, Boston, Mass. 0476-97



AN ENLIGHTENED AND ELEVATED DEMOCRACY—ACCORDING TO GRANT.

## WILLIAM KNABE &amp; CO., MANUFACTURERS OF GOLD MEDAL Grand and Square PIANOS, BALTIMORE, Md.



Certificates of Excellence from Thalberg, Gottschalk, Strakosch, G. Satter, and other leading artists. Every instrument warranted for five years. Price lists promptly sent on application.

A full assortment of the above celebrated instruments at J. BAUER & CO.'s Warerooms, No. 544 Broadway, N. Y. 470-82



## MANUFACTURER'S STOCK OF

Watches, Lockets, Chains, Rings, Pins, Bracelets, Gold Pens and Cases, And a full assortment of fine Jewellery, to be disposed of by distribution for the next 60 days.

Certificates of all the various articles are put in envelopes, sealed and mixed, and sent without regard to choice. One certificate telling you what you can have for \$1 will be sent for 25 cents; five for \$1; eleven for \$2; thirty for \$5. After seeing what you can have, it will be at your option to send and get the article, or not, and after seeing the article, if it does not give perfect satisfaction, you can return it and get the money. We also manufacture pure Silver and Gold Badges for every Corps and Division in the Army. Also Infantry, Artillery and Battery, Engineer and Pontonier, Masonic, Base Ball and Society Badges of every kind. We will send a Sample Badge (pure Silver), for any Department in the Army, with your Name, Regiment and Company handsomely Engraved thereon, on receipt of \$1.50. Agents wanted everywhere, to whom great inducements are offered.

S. M. WARD & CO.,

208 Broadway, N. Y.

## REMINGTON'S



Approved by the Government. Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.

E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, N. Y. 466-78

## CALEBERG &amp; VAUPEL'S PIANOFORTES.

99 & 101 Bleecker Street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warranted for Six Years. 473-840

## FOR A FORTUNE

Address F. KLIN & M. CO., Box 302, Boston, Mass.

The Indian Hair Curler, warranted the most straight and stiff hair, on the curl, into short ringlets or waving masses, at any address on receipt of \$1. Address WAUD GILBERT LYON, Box 5251, New York Post Office.

## THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed to any address for 50 cts. Terms of different powers for \$1. Address F. B. BOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass. 0000

## A WATCH FREE

And \$15 or \$20 per Day made Easy. A New Sensation. Our Great Novelty, the WONDERFUL PRIZE PORTFOLIO. Just out and creating an immense sensation and Extraordinary Demand throughout the Army and Country; there is nothing like them. Sales Enormous; profits immense. Each Portfolio, Extra Large Size, 6 by 10, contains an innumerable quantity of useful and valuable goods, PRIZES, etc., worth Several Dollars, and sells for only 25 cents. Articles that no Soldier or Family can possibly do without. Thousands Sold Every Day. Soldiers can clear a Month's Pay in a Single Day. Agents Wanted in Every Camp and Village. A Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch Presented free as a Premium to Every Agent. This is the Greatest money-making Business of the Day. We Guarantee any agent \$15 per Day. Premiums sent with Goods same day the order is received. Catalogues containing Extra Premium inducements sent by mail free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y., Sole Manufacturers.



SELF-ADJUSTING Enamelled White, 25 cts., 50 cts., 75 cts.; Snow White Linen finish, \$1; Illusion Stitched, \$1.25; Suitable Tie, \$1; Gents' Superiorly Enamelled "Steel Cuffs," \$2.50 per pair. Avoid spurious imitations. None reliable unless patented as above. Mailed on receipt of price. Send size. JEANERET, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility, arising from Specific causes, in both sexes—new and reliable treatment in Reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address DR. Z. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## MUNRO'S TEN CENT NOVELS

Are the most popular series of cheap publications ever introduced to the American public. While giving them the highest literary excellence, the publishers have jealously excluded everything that could offend the most scrupulous morality. The whole series should be in every library. The following are the names: No. 1. The Hunters; 2. The Trapper's Retreat; 3. The Patriot Highwayman; 4. The Hunted Unionist; 5. The Track of Fire; 6. The Man-Eaters; 7. Charlotte Temple; 8. The Death Face; 9. The Indian Slayer; 10. The Tiger of the Ocean; 11. The Hunter's Triumph; 12. The Ocean Bowers; 13. The Tory Outwitted; 14. Zeke Sternum, the Lion-hearted Scout; 15. The Scourge of the Seas; 16. The Captive Maiden; 17. Long-Legged Joe; or, The Demon of the Woods; 18. The Wild Scout of the Mountains; 19. The Forest Lodge; 20. The Rollicking Rangers; 21. Battlesnake Dick; or, The Flower of the Wigwag; 22. Ricketty Tom, the Rover; 23. The Imps of the Prairie; or, the Tush of the Cave; 24. The Robber's Terror. For sale by all News Agents, and sent postpaid on receipt of price, 10 cents each. GEORGE MUNRO & CO., No. 137 William St., N. Y.

## JEWELLERY GIVEN AWAY.

SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS can obtain GRATIS a great Miscellaneous Newspaper and full instructions by which you can procure EVERY VARIETY OF JEWELLERY FREE. ALL SHOULD SEND. Address CHARLES E. MACKAY, 81 Nassau street, New York. 476-50

## THE NATIONAL REVOLVER



Is the latest improvement in Fire-Arms, combining great power and effectiveness with compactness, durability, and convenience, both for operating and carrying. Is the most effective POCKET REVOLVER in the world.

Is loaded, without removing the cylinder, with CENTRAL FIRE WATERPROOF COPPER SHELL CARTRIDGES. The Cartridge is sure fire, the shell easily ejected after firing. The cylinder never fouls. Is but 7 inches extreme length, 32-100th ball, six shot and weighs but 14 ounces. For sale by the trade.

Geo. A. HICKCOX, 54 Cliff Street, New York.

## CERTIFICATE.

I have thoroughly tested the new "National Revolver," and find it an effective weapon, of sure fire and convenient size. At fifty yards I think I could with this pistol kill at every shot. I take pleasure in recommending it as a weapon in every way desirable. In company with Captain Scott, Provost-Marshal, and other officers, I fired this pistol a large number of times, and not one cartridge failed to explode.

JOHN CHARLTON, Chief of Police, Cairo, Ill.

SAINT CATHERINE LIBRARY  
THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE  
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

## \$7 ARMY \$10 WATCH.

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "English Movements," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "Miniature Calendar," indicating the Day of the Week, Month, &c., in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any address, in neat case, with a BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only \$10. A most SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free by mail, to any address, for only \$7. Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers, 38 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

## STAMMERING

Cured by Bates's Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet address H. O. L. MEARS & CO., 277 W. 23d St., N. Y. 0

## E. &amp; H. T. ANTHONY &amp; CO., Manufacturers of Photographic Materials, 501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are Headquarters for the following, viz: STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes, American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, etc., etc. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to \$50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

## FIVE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER.

## CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz: about 180 Major-Generals, 100 Lieut.-Colonels, 250 Statesmen, 300 Brig.-Generals, 250 Other Officers, 180 Divines, 715 Colonels, 15 Navy Officers, 150 Authors, 40 Artists, 150 Statesmen, 1,000 Copies of Works of Art, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen Pictures from our Catalogue will be filled on the receipt of \$1.00, and sent by mail, FREE. Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order. The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

## IVORY BROOCHES!

EAL-RINGS AND SLEEVE BUTTONS; ALSO, Gilt Belt Buckles, Latest Styles, At WM. M. WELLING'S, 571 Broadway, Sign of Golden Elephant.

## LADIES' LETTER.

FIVE ANATOMICAL ENGRAVINGS Has information never before published. Sent free, in a sealed envelope, for 10 cents. Address Box 4692, New York Post Office.

For the Mouth and the Pocket. An invaluable article for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, Civilians, and everybody. Send 50 cents, and get sample by mail. Address Box 28, HAWLEY, Pa. 476-70

## GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY!

By selling our Great NOVELTY AND NATIONAL PRIZE PACKETS, containing Stationery, Jewellery, &c. Each package contains over \$1 worth of valuable articles. Wanted by every one. Retail price only 30 cents. Also Splendid STEEL ENGRAVINGS and Photographic Cards. \$10 invested will yield \$50. We want an Agent in every Town and Camp. Splendid GOLD AND SILVER WATCH given to our Agents. \$17 will obtain 100 Packets and a fine Silver Watch. Thousands of these Packets can be sold in every Village and Camp, making a profitable and pleasant business for one smart man in each place. Send for Circular, with full particulars.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 56 Beckman Street, N. Y.

## GOLD PENS.

We will send to any address one of our Large Size, fine quality, Warranted (Diamond pointed) GOLD PENS and Silver-plated Extension Holders, or Silver Ebony Holders, and Morocco Case, for \$1.50; or one of our Large Engraving Bank (Warranted) Pens and Silver Ebony Desk Holders and Case for \$2.50. Send a stamp for our Circular of Engravings of all our new styles, and giving exact sizes and prices. Pens Replenished for 50 cents.

AMERICAN GOLD PEN CO., 200 Broadway, N. Y.

## FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newberne, Port Royal, and all other places, should be sent at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 66 Broadway. Butlers charged low rates. 0000

Shultz's Oguent.—Warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in Six Weeks or money refunded. Sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address 428-830 C. F. SHULTZ, Troy, N. Y.